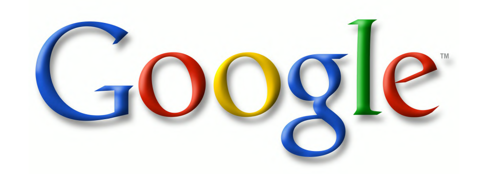


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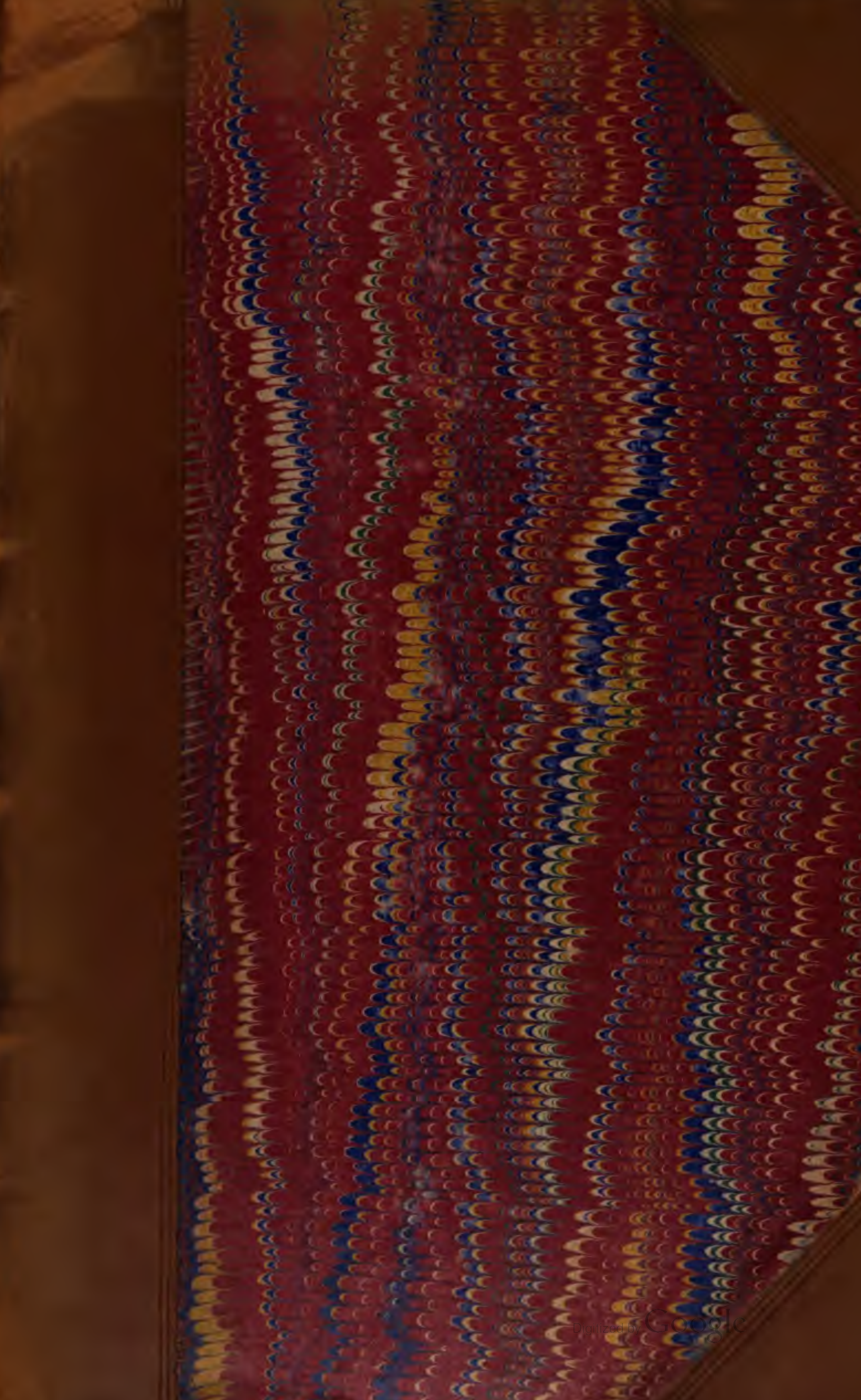
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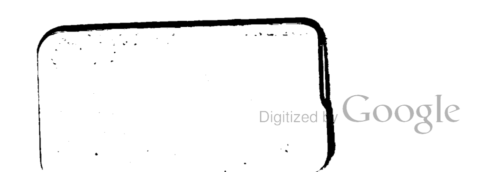


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THE

TRAGICALL HISTORIE

OF

HAMLET,

PRINCE OF DENMARKE,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EDITED

ACCORDING TO THE FIRST PRINTED COPIES, WITH THE VARIOUS READINGS, AND CRITICAL NOTES,

BY

F. H. STRATMANN.

LONDON: N. TRÜBNER AND CO.

KREFELD: E. GEHRICH AND CO.

1869

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TO THE READER.

It is strange, that, among so many editions of Shakespeare's works, there is not one that gives their original form. Every editor thinks himself entitled to alter the text according to his time and fancy. A genuine Shakespeare, therefore, is a want which, by the present edition, I shall endeavour to supply.

Krefeld, October 4th, 1869.

F. H. STRATMANN.

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EDITIONS

USED FOR THE PRESENT TEXT.

*A**

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke By William Shake-speare. As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where At London printed for N. L. and Iohn Trundell. 1603. [4to.]

[A careless, perhaps surreptitious, edition of, it seems, an earlier version of this play.]

A

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1604. [4to.]

*B**

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1605. [4to.]

[A mere reimpression of *A*.]

B

The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppy. At London, Printed for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Saint Dunstons Church yeard in Fleetstreet. Vnder the Diall. 1611. [4to.]

[Such is the title of the copy in the British Museum, which agrees with that in the library of Zürich, but differs from that given in Steevens' Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare, London 1766.]

C

The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. Newly Imprinted and inlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy lastly Printed. By William Shakespeare. London, Printed by W. S. for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstans Church-yard in Fleetstreet: Vnder the Diall. [4to.]

[This edition is supposed by Collier to be that entered on the Register of the Stationers' Company in 1607, but internal evidence proves it to be subsequent to *B*.]

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D

Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies. Published according to the True Originall Copies. London Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623. [fol.]

[In this volume "The Tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke" occupies p. 152—182 (misprinted 280) of the division of Tragedies.]

E

Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true Originall Copies. The second Jmpression. London, Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Robert Allot, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Blacke Beare in Pauls Church-yard. 1632. [fol.]

F

The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmark. Newly imprinted and inlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy last Printed. By William Shakespeare. London, Printed by R. Young for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstans Church-yard in Fleet-street, under the Diall. 1637. [4to.]

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Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Bernardo, and Francisco, two centinels.

Ber. Who's there?
Fran. Nay answere me. Stand and unfolde
Your selfe.
Ber. Long live the king.
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your houre.
Ber. 'Tis now strooke twelfe, get thee to bed Francisco.
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night:
If you doe meete Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make hast.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand ho, who is there?
Hor. Friends to this gound.
Mar. And leegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell honest soldier,
Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place;
Give you good night. *Exit Fran.*

Various readings:

Actus Primus Scæna Prima. *D. not in ABCF.* 1 Whoſe *ABC.* anſwer *BCDEF.* vnfold *BCD* unfold *EF.* 2 you ſelfe *B. Barnardo ABCDEF.* Hee *ABCF.* 1—2 *printed as prose in ABCDEF.* 4 Tis *AB.* ſtrook *D* ſtruck *E.* twelue *BCD* twelve *EF.* 5 releefe *D.* thankes *DE.* 6 hart *A.* 7 *prose in ABCDEF.* 9 do *D.* meet *CDEF.* 10 riualls *AC* rivalls *F.* partners (*for* rivals) *A**. haſte *F.* 11 them, ſtand *ABC.* Stand: who's *DE.* 12 Leedgemen *A* Leige-men *D* Liege-men *E* Liegemen *F.* 13 farwell *A* farwel *DE.* ſouldier *A** ſouldiers *ABCF.* 14 releeued *A** relieved *F.* ha's *DE.*

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Mar. Holla, Bernardo.
Ber. Say,
What is Horatio there?
Hor. A peece of him.
Ber. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night?
Ber. I have seene nothing.
Mar. Horatio sayes 'tis but our fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of us,
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speake to it.
Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.
Ber. Sit downe a while,
And let us once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seene.
Hor. Well, sit we downe,
And let us heare Bernardo speake of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same starre that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illume that part of heaven
Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe,
The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off: looke where it comes againe.
Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it Horatio.
Ber. Lookes it not like the king? Marke it Horatio.
Hor. Most like: it harrowes me with feare and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speake to it Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the majesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge the speake.

15 Say what, *B.* 18 *Hor. (for Mar.) ABCF.* hath *A**. 20 faies *AD.* a *(for* our) *BCF.* phantafie *EF.* 21 beliefe *ACF.* holde *A.* 22 by vs, *A**. 23 entreated *F.* 24 minuts *AB.* 25 apparifion *A.* 26 approoue *A.* 27 awhile *B* a-while *D.* 30 wee *B.* we two Nights haue *DE.* 33 ftar *CF.* thats *ABC.* 34 illumin *C* illumine *A*F.* 37 of *AD.* 39 Scholar *F.* 40 *omitted in BCF.* a *(for* it) *A.* 41 horrowes *ABCF* horrors *A**. 42 Queftion it *A*D.* 45 Maieftie *A.* 46 march, *A* march: *BCE* walke? *A**. by *ABCF.* fpeak *C.*

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Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See, it stalkes away.
Hor. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee, speake.
Exit Ghost.
Mar. 'Tis gone and will not answere.
Ber. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more then fantasie?
What thinke you of it?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleeve,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thy selfe:
Such was the very armor he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sleaded pollax on the ice.
'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead houre,
With martiall stalke, hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to worke, I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toiles the subject of the land,
And why such dayly cast of brazen cannon
And forraine marte for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-wrights, whose sore taske
Does not divide the Sunday from the weeke:
What might be toward, that this sweaty hast
Doth make the night joynt labourer with the day,
Who is't that can informe me?
Hor. That can I.
At least the whisper goes so: Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you knowe by Fortinbrasse of Norway,

47 ſtaukes *ABC.* 49 anſwer *DEF.* 50 look *CD.* 51 than *A*EF.* phantaſie *ABCEF.* 52 on't *A*DE* ont *A.* 53 Afore *A*.* belieue *A.* 54 fencible *AB.* 55 eies *AC.* 57 armour *DEF.* 58 th'ambitious *DEF.* 59 frownd *AC* frownde *B.* 60 ſmote *BCF.* ſledded *DE.* 62 iumpe *C* jumpe *F* iuſt *D* juſt *E.* ſame *(for* dead) *F.* 63 Marſhall *A*.* ſtauke *ABC.* 64 perticular *AB.* 65 my *A*DE.* 66 boades *D.* 70 with *(for* why) *ABCF.* coſt *A*ABCF.* brazon *AD* brasen *F.* 71 forraigne *DE.* Mart *CDEF.* 72 ſhip-writes *A.* 73 Do's *D.* deuide *ABC.* 75 ioint *C* joint *F.* 76 mee *AB.* I, *D.* 79 know *A*BCDEF.* *Fortinbras DE.*

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Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbrasse, who by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by lawe and heraldrie,
Did forfait, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moitie competent
Was gaged by our king, which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbrasse,
Had he beene vanquisher, as by the same cov'nant
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet; now sir, young Fortinbrasse,
Of unimproved mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Sharkt up a list of lawelesse resolutes,
For foode and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomacke in't, which is no other
(As it doth well appeare unto our state)
But to recover of us by strong hand
And termes compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this, I take it,
Is the maine motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-hast and romage in the land.
Ber. I thinke it be no other but even so;
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the king
That was and is the question of these warres.
Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell
The graves stood tennantlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
As starres with traines of fire, and dewes of blood
Disasters in the sunne; and the moist starre,
Upon whose influence Neptunes empire stands,

80 prick'd *DE*. 81 combate *BCDEF*. 82 efteemed *A** .efteemd *AB*. 84 law *A*BCDEF*. 85 forfeit *A*EF* forfeite *D*. thefe *ABCF*. 86 seiz'd *DEF*. on *DE*. conqueror *A*DE*. 87 moity *BCDEF*. 88 returne *ABCF*. 90 bin *ACDEF*. vanquifht; *F*. comart *(for* cov'nant) *ABCF*. 91 articles *B*. deffeigne *A* defeigne *BCF* defigne *D*. 93 metall *F*. 94 here *CEF*. 95 Shark'd *DE*. lawleffe *BCF* landleffe *DE*. 96 food *BCEF*. Enterprize *DE*. 97 ftomake *C*. is *omitted in CF*. 98 And *(for* As) *D*. 100 tearmes *ABCF*. Compulfative *DE*. 103 chiefe *ACF*. 104 poft-hafte *C* pofte hafte *F*. Romadge *A* romeage *BCF*. 105 enfo *A*. 109 moth *AB*. 114 fier *A*. bloud *BC*. 115 Sun *C*. 116 empier *ABDE*.

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Was sick almost to doomesday with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen comming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and contrimen.

Enter Ghost againe.

But soft, behold, lo where it comes againe:
Ile crosse it, though it blast me: stay illusion,
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speake to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee doe ease, and grace to me,
Speake to me.
If thou art privy to thy countries fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O speake.
Or if thou hast uphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walke in death,

The cocke crowes.

Speake of it, stay and speake. Stop it Marcellus.
Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?
Hor. Doe, if it will not stand.
Ber. 'Tis heere.
Hor. 'Tis heere.
Mar. 'Tis gone. *Exit Ghost.*
We doe it wrong, being so majesticall,
To offer it the showe of violence,
For it is as the aire, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to speake when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearfull summons. I have heard,
The cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throate
Awake the god of day, and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or aire,
Th'extravagant and erring spirit hies

117 ſicke *AF*. 118 feare *A* fearce *B*. 119 harbindgers *A*. preceading *AB*. 122 countrymen *A*. 105—122 *wanting in A*DE*. 123 loe *ADE*. 124 mee *AB*. 127 bee *B*. 128 do *D*. 130 priuie *AC* privie *F*. 131 happely *F*. 135 your *ABC*. 136 ſtoppe *A**. 137 ſtrike it *ABCF*. 141 ſhew *A*DEF*. 144 cocke *DEF* crewe *A*. 146 fearefull *ABF*. 147 day (*for* morne) *DE*. 148 throat *ACF*. 151 hyes *BDEF*.

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To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This present object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever gainst that season comes,
Wherein our saviours birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare stirre abroade,
The nights are wholsome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme:
So hallowed and so gracious is that time.
Hor. So have I heard, and doe in part beleeve it,
But looke, the morne in russet mantle clad,
Walkes ore the dew of yon high easterne hill:
Breake we our watch up, and by my advise
Let us impart what we have seene to night
Unto yong Hamlet, for upon my life,
This spirit dumb to us, will speake to him:
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
Where we shall finde him most convenient. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius, king of Denmarke, Gertrude the queene, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his sister Ophelia, Lords attendant.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our deare brothers death
The memorie bee greene, and that it us befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole kingdome
To be contracted in one browe of woe,
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selves:
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queene,

155 ſayes *DE.* 'gainſt *DEF.* 157 The *(for* This) *A*DE.* 158 dares *F.* ſturre *AB* walke *(for* stirre) *A*.* can walke *DE.* 160 fairie *A** Faiery talkes *DE.* 161 gratious *AB.* the *(for* that) *DE.* 164 deaw *A** dewe *A.* Eaſtward *ABCF.* 166 ſeen *B.* 167 young *ACF.* vppon *A.* 168 dumbe *DEF.* 170 loue *A*.* duety *B* dutie *C.* 171 Lets *AB.* know *BCDEF.* 172 find *ABC.* conueniently *A*D.*
Floriſh. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrad the Queene, Counſaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes, Hamlet Cum Alijs. ABC. 1 *Claud. (for King) ABCF.* deere *DF.* 2 memory *BCDEF.* be *ACDEF.* 3 harts *A.* griefe *ACEF.* 4 brow *D.* 6 ſorrow *BD.* 8 ſometimes *DE.*

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Th'imperiall joyntresse of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,
In equall scale weighing delight and dole
Taken to wife; nor have we heerein barr'd
Your better wisdomes, which have freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our thankes.
Now followes that you knowe young Fortinbrasse,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to be disjoint, and out of frame,
Coleagued with this dreame of his advantage
He hath not fayl'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of lawe
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the businesse is. We have heere writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbrasse,
Who impotent and bedrid, scarcely heares
Of this his nephewes purpose, to suppresse
His further gate heerein, in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subject, and we heere dispatch
You good Cornelius, and you Voltemand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personall power
To businesse with the king, more then the scope
Of these dilated articles allowe:
Farewell, and let your hast commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we showe our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now Laertes, what's the newes with you?
You told us of some suite, what is't Laertes?

9 to *(for* of) *A.* 11 an auſpitious, and a *ABC.* 12 dirdge *A.* mariage *B.* 13 waighing *AB.* 14 bard *ABC.* 15 Wiſedomes *DE.* 17 yong *B.* 19 deere *D.* 21 Colegued *B* Collegued *C* Colleagued *DEF.* the *(for* this) *DE.* 22 faild *ABCF.* peſtur *A.* 24 Bonds *DE.* law *BCDE.* 25 *Enter &c. not in ABCF.* 27 buſines *AB.* here *BCEF.* 29 bedred *ABC.* 33 ſubjects *F.* here *CEF.* 34 *Valtemand, ABC.* 35 bearing *DE.* 38 delated *ABCF.* allow: *BCDE* allow. *F.* 39 Farwell *AB.* dutie *AC.* 40 *Cor. Vo. (for Volt.) ABC.* ſhow *B* ſhew *A*CDEF.* 41 heartily *A*CDEF. Exit &c. not in ABCF.* 42 whats *AB.* 43 ſute *ABC* ſuit *F.* iſt *AB.*

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You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
And lose your voice; what would'st thou begge Laertes
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth,
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father.
What would'st thou have Laertes?
Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,
To showe my duty in your coronation;
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward France,
And bowe them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your fathers leave, what saies Polonius?
Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slowe leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seald my hard consent,
I doe beseech you give him leave to goe.
King. Take thy faire houre Laertes, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my cosin Hamlet, and my sonne?
Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.
King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you?
Ham. Not so my lord, I am too much in the sonne.
Queene. Good Hamlet cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a friend on Denmarke,
Doe not for ever with thy vailed lids,
Seeke for thy noble father in the dust;
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. I madam, it is common.
Queene. If it bee,
Why seemes it so particular with thee.
Ham. Seemes, madam, nay it is: I know not seemes,
'Tis not alone my inky cloake, good mother,
Nor customary suites of solemne blacke,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

45 loofe *DE.* wold'ft *A.* beg *CEF.* 50 Dread my Lord *DE.* 51 Fraunce *A.* 55 towards *DE.* 56 bow *BCDEF.* 57 fayes *DEF.* 58 wroung *A.* flow *BCF.* 58—60 wrung &c. *not in DE.* 61 go *D.* 64 coufin *CF.* 65 kind *ACF.* 66 clouds *CDEF.* 67 Not fo much *ABCF.* i' th' Sun *DE.* 68 nightly *DE.* 70 veyled *DE.* 72 dye *BDEF.* 75 perticuler *ABC.* 77 inkie cloke *CF.* coold mother *A* could fmother *BCF.* 78 futes *BCF.* folembe *A.* black *B.* 79 windie *ABCF.* forft *ABC* forc't *F.*

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No, nor the fruitfull river in the eye,
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,
Together with all formes, moodes, shapes of griefe,
That can denote me truely. These indeede seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play,
But I have that within which passes showe,
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.
King. 'Tis sweete and commendable in your nature Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father,
But you must knowe, your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the surviver bound
In filiall obligation for some terme
To doe obsequious sorrowe, but to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornesse, 'tis unmanly griefe,
It showes a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, or minde impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For, what we knowe must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theame
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
From the first course, till he that died to day,
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and thinke of us
As of a father; for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobility of love,
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire,
And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cosin, and our sonne.

81 haviour *CDEF.* 82 moods *CDEF.* chapes *A* ſhewes *(for* shapes) *DE.* 83 deuote *AB* deuonte *C.* truly *CDE.* 85 paſſeth ſhow *DE.* ſhew *CF.* 91 tearme *ABCF.* 92 ſorrowes *BCF* Sorrow *DE.* 94 ſtubbornes *A* ſtubbornnesse *CEF.* greefe *D.* 96 hart *AB.* a *(for* or) *DE.* 100 peuiſh *A.* 104 cried *D.* 105 coarſe *DEF.* dyed *BDE.* 109 imediate *AB.* 110 nobilitie *AC.* 112 towards *DE.* 114 retrogard *AB* retrograd *C* retrogarde *E.* 116 cheare *ABCF.*

Queene. Let not thy mother lose her prayers Hamlet,
I pray thee stay with us, goe not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you madam.
King. Why 'tis a loving and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No jocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great cannon to the cloudes shall tell,
And the kings rowse the heaven shall bruite againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away. *Exeunt.*
Manet Hamlet.
Ham. O that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve it selfe into a dew,
Or that the everlasting had not fixt
His cannon gainst self slaughter. O God, o God,
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seeme to me all the uses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an unweeded garden,
That growes to seede, things ranke and grosse in nature,
Possesse it merely. That it should come thus:
But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a king, that was to this
Hyperion to a satyre, so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of heaven
Visite her face too roughly. Heaven and earth
Must I remember, why she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty, thy name is woman.
A little month, or ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers body
Like Niobe, all teares, why she, even she,
(O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer) married with mine uncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father,
Then I to Hercules, within a month,

118 loofe *ABC.* 119 prythee *D* prethee *E.* 120 obay *ABC.* 126 Canon *A*C.* clowdes *B* Clowds *DE* clouds *F.* 127 Rouce *DE.* Heauens *D* heavens *E.* brute *ABC* bruit *F.* 128 *Florifh. Exeunt all but Hamlet. ABCF.* 129 fallied *A*ABC.* 132 feale *ABC* felfe *F.* O God, God *ABCF.* 133 wary *ABC.* 134 Seemes *D.* 135 Oh fie, fie, *DE.* 136 feed *BCDEF.* rancke *A* ranck *B* rank *DE.* grofe *AB.* 137 come to this *DE.* 141 beteene the windes *DE.* 142 Vifit *BCDEF.* 143 fhould (*for* would) *ABC.* 144 encreafe *DE.* 148 bodie *AC.* 149 even she *not in ABCF.* 150 O Heauen! *DE.* 151 my *ABCF.* 153 moneth *CDF.*

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Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous teares
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speede, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheetes,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo.

Hor. Haile to your lordshippe.
Ham. I am glad to see you well;
Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.
Hor. The same my lord, and your poore servant ever.
Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg Horatio?
Marcellus.
Mar. My good lord.
Ham. I am very glad to see you, good even sir.
But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not heare your enemy say so,
Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe. I knowe you are no truant:
But what is your affaire in Elsenour?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
Ham. I pray thee doe not mocke me fellowe student,
I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding.
Hor. Indeede my lord, it followed hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio: the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables;
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Ere ever I had seene that day Horatio.
My father, me thinkes I see my father.
Hor. Where my lord?
Ham. In my mindes eye Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:
I shall not looke upon his like againe.

155 of *(for* in) *DE.* gauled *ABCDE.* 156 oh *BCF.* ſpeed *BCDEF.* 157 inceſtious *ABC.* ſheets *ACDEF.* 160 Lordſhip *ACDF.* 169 trowant *A**. 170 haue *(for* heare) *D.* enimie *A* enemie *BC.* 171 my *ABCF.* 174 *Elſonoure ABC.* 175 Wee'l *DE* Wee'll *F.* you to drinke deepe *A*DE.* 177 pre the *ABCF* prythee *E.* fellow *BCDEF.* studient *A.* 178 see *not in ABCF.* 183 Or *(for* ere) *ABCF.* Ere I had euer *DE.* 185 Oh where *DE.* 186 & 187 a *(for* he) *ABCF.* 188 & 195 vppon *A.*

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Hor. My lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw, who?
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father?
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent eare, till I may deliver
Upon the witnesse of these gentlemen,
This marvaile to you.
Ham. For Gods love let me heare.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead wast and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly cap a pea,
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes slowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their opprest and feare-surprised eyes,
Within his tronchions length, whil'st they distil'd
Almost to gelly with the act of feare,
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliver'd both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father,
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platforme where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not speake to it?
Hor. My lord, I did,
But answere made it none, yet once me thought
It lifted up it head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
But even then the morning cock crew loude,
And at the sound it shrunk in hast away,
And vanisht from our sight.
Ham. Tis very strange.
Hor. As I doe live my honor'd lord 'tis true

194 attentiue *BCF.* 195 witnes *A.* 196 maruile *A* maruell *D.* 197 Heauens (*for* Gods) *D.* 200 vast *A**CF* waste *E.* 201 encountred *DEF.* 202 Arm'd *DE.* to point *A**. at all points *DE.* Pe *DEF.* 204 flow *CDEF.* 206 this (*for* his) *BCF.* trunchions *C* truncheons *DEF.* diſtilled *A** beſtil'd *D* beſtill'd *E.* 207 Ielly *D.* 209 ſecreſie *A* ſeerecy *BE.* 211 Whereas *ABCE.* deliuered *ABCF.* 213 Appariſion *AB.* knewe *A.* 215 wee *B.* 217 anſwer *BCEF.* mee *B.* 218 his (*for* it) *A** its *F.* 220 loud *CF* lowd *DE.* 221 ſhruncke *B* ſhrunke *CDEF.* 223 honourd *D.*

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And we did thinke it writ downe in our duety
To let you knowe of it.
  Ham. Indeed, indeed sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to night?
  All. We doe my lord.
  Ham. Arm'd, say you?
  All. Arm'd, my lord.
  Ham. From top to toe?
  All. My lord, from head to foote.
  Ham. Then saw you not his face?
  Hor. O yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.
  Ham. What, look't he frowningly?
  Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow then in anger.
  Ham. Pale, or red?
  Hor. Nay very pale.
  Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?
  Hor. Most constantly.
  Ham. I would I had beene there.
  Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
  Ham. Very like,
Staid it long?
  Hor. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundred.
  Both. Longer, longer.
  Hor. Not when I saw't.
  Ham. His beard was grissl'd, no.
  Hor. It was as I have seene it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
  Ham. I will watch to night;
Perchance 'twill walke againe.
  Hor. I war'nt it will.
  Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it, though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceald this sight
Let it bee tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoever els shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loves, so fare you well:

224 dutie *AC* duty *DEF.* 226 Indeede Sirs *ABCF.* 227, 229 & 230 *Both. (for All) DE.* 237 Very like, very like: *DE.* 239 hundreth *ABC.* 240 *Mar. A* All. DE.* 241 grifled *A** grifs'ld, *B* griffeld, *C* grifsled, *F* grifly? *DE.* 226—241 *prose in ABCDEF.* 243 I wil *A** Ile *D.* 244 wake *(for* walke) *D.* warn't *ABCF.* warrant you *DE.* 249 tenible *A** treble *D.* 250 what fomeuer *A.* elfe *CEF.* 252 farre *A.* ye *(for* you) *DE.*

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Upon the platforme twixt eleven and twelfe,
Ile visite you.
All. Our duety to your honor. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you, farewell.
My fathers spirit in armes? all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come;
Till then sit still my soule, foule deedes will rise,
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia his sister.

Laer. My necessaries are imbark't, farewell,
And sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, doe not sleepe,
But let me heare from you.
Oph. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
No more.
Oph. No more but so.
Laer. Thinke it no more:
For nature cressant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulke, but as this temple waxes
The inward service of the minde and soule
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmirch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,
His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne,
For hee himselfe is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalewed persons doe,
Carve for himselfe, for on his choise depends

253 a leauen *AB.* 254 honour *CDEF.* 255 loue *D* love *E.* 258 fonde (*for* foule) *A.* deeds *CDEF.* 259 eies *CD.*
1 imbarckt *AB.* 3 conuay, in *ABC* convay in *F.* do *B.* 4 heere *A.* 5 fauours *D.* 6 bloud *CDE.* 7 prime *F.* 8 Froward *DE.* sweet *BCDEF.* 9 perfume and *omitted in DE.* 11 grow *BCDEF.* 12 bulkes *ABC.* 13 mind *BCF.* 15 befmerch *BCD.* 17 wayd *A* waid *BC* wai'd *F.* 18 *not in ABC.* 19 vnualued *C* vnuallued *D* unvalued *F.* 20 Craue *BC* Crave *F.* choice *CF* choyce *DE.*

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The safety and health of the whole state,
And therefore must his choise be circumscrib'd
Unto the voyce and yeelding of that body,
Whereof he is the head. Then if he saies he loves you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to beleeve it
As he in his particuler act and place
May give his saying deede, which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your honor may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his songs
Or loose your heart, or your chast treasure open
To his unmastred importunity.
Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare sister,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
The chariest maide is prodigall enough,
If she unmaske her beauty to the moone:
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes,
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morne and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els neare.
Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe,
As watchman to my heart: but good my brother
Doe not as some ungracious pastors doe,
Showe me the steepe and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst like a puft and reckles libertine,
Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reakes not his owne reed.
Laer. O feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long, but heere my father comes:
A double blessing is a double grace,
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
Pol. Yet heere Laertes? a bord, a bord for shame,
The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,

21 ſafty *A* ſanctity *DE.* this (*for* the) *ABC.* 25 wiſedome *DE.* 26 peculiar Sect and force *DE.* 29 way *AB.* 31 loſe *DE.* 34 keepe within *DE.* 36 inough *A.* 37 butie *A* beautie *C.* 38 ſtroakes *D.* 39 infant *BC.* 40 the (*for* their) *DE.* 44 none elſe *BCDEF.* neere *CDEF.* 45 th' effect *DE.* 46 watchmen *BCDEF.* 48 ſtep *A.* 49 Whiles a *ABC.* reckleſſe *DE* rechleſſe *F.* 50 dalience *ABC.* 51 reaks *DE.* reade *DE.* *Corambis* (*for Polonius*) *A*.* 55 aboord *CDEF.*

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And you are stayed for, there my blessing with you,
And these fewe precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them unto thy soule with hoopes of steele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainement
Of each new hatcht, unfledg'd courage. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine eare, but fewe thy voyce:
Take each mans censure, but reserve thy judgement:
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gaudy,
For the apparell oft proclaimes the man:
And they in France of the best ranck and station,
Are of a most select and generous, chiefe in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be,
For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend,
And borrowing dulleth the edge of husbandry:
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true,
And it must followe, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell, my blessing season this in thee.
Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leave, my lord.
Pol. The time invests you, goe, your servants tend.
Laer. Farewell Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.
Oph. Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laertes.*
Pol. What ist Ophelia he hath said to you?
Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.
Pol. Mary, well bethought:
Tis told me he hath very oft of late

57 ftaied *BC* ftaid *DEF.* with thee *ABCF.* 58 few *BCDEF.* 59 See *(for* Looke) *DE.* 61 familier *AB.* 62 Those *(for* the) *ABCF.* tride *D.* 63 then *(for* them) *A.* to *(for* unto) *DE.* 64 entertainment *ACDEF.* 65 vnhatch't *(for* new hatcht) *DE.* Comrade *(for* courage) *DE.* 67 the oppofed *A** th'oppofer *BCF.* 68 thy *(for* thine) *ABCF.* 70 habite *AB.* by *A.* 71 fancy *ABC.* gaudie, *C* gawdie: *D.* 72 man. *A*D.* 73 of *(for* in) *A**. chiefe rancke *A**. ranke *C.* 74 Or *A* Ar *B.* generall chiefe *A** generous, cheefe *BC* generous cheff *DE.* 75 boy *(for* be) *ABCF.* 76 loue *ABC.* loofes *ABC.* 77 duls *DE* dulls *F.* 79 follow *BCDEF.* 83 inuites *D.* 85 fayd *A.* 89 fomthing *DE.* 90 Marry *ABDE* Marrie *CF.*

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Given private time to you, and you your selfe
Have of your audience beene most free and bounteous,
If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You doe not understand your selfe so cleerely,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honor.
What is betweene you, give me up the truth.
Oph. He hath my lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle,
Unsifted in such perillous circumstance.
Doe you beleeve his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I doe not knowe, my lord, what I should thinke.
Pol. Marry I will teach you; thinke your selfe a babie,
That you have tane these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling: tender your selfe more dearly,
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase,
Wrong it thus) you'l tender me a foole.
Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honorable fashion.
Pol. I, fashion you may call it, goe to, goe to.
Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech,
My lord, with almost all the vowes of heaven.
Pol. I, springes to catch wood-cocks. I doe knowe
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light then heate, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,
You must not take for fire: from this time daughter,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence,
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to parle; for lord Hamlet,
Beleeve so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke
Then may be given you: in fewe, Ophelia,
Doe not beleeve his vowes, for they are brokers,
Not of that die which their investments showe,

93 bountious *AB.* 97 behoooues *ABC.* 102 perrilous *AB.* 103 belieue *AB.* 105 Ile *DE.* Baby *DE.* 106 his *(for* these) *DE.* 107 ſtarling. *DE.* dearely *ABC.* 109 Roaming *(for* Wrong) *D.* youle *BC* you'll *F.* 111 honourable *DEF.* 112 too *DF.* 114 with all *DE.* holy vowes *ABCF.* 115 ſprings *AB.* wood-cockes, *A.* 117 Giues *(for* Lends) *D.* 120 tak't *BCF.* For *(for* from) *DE.* daughter *not in ABCF.* 121 ſomething *(for* somewhat) *ABCF.* 122 entreatments *DEF.* 123 commaund *A.* parley *DEF.* 125 tider *A* teder *BC* tedder *F.* 127 Broakers *DE.* 128 the eye, *(for* that die) *DE.*

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But meere implorators of unholy suites,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not, in plaine termes, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moments leasure,
As to give words or talke with the lord Hamlet:
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.
Oph. I shall obey my lord. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shrewdly, it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping, and an eager ayre.
Ham. What houre now?
Hor. I thinke it lackes of twelfe.
Mar. No, it is strooke.
Hor. Indeede I heard it not: it then drawes neere the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke. *A florish of trumpets, and two peeces goes off.*
What does this meane my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to night and takes his rouse,
Keepes wassell and the swaggring upspring reeles,
And as he draines his draughts of Renish downe,
The kettle drumme and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custome?
Ham. I mary is't,
But to my minde, though I am native heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honour'd in the breach, then the observance.
This heavy-headed revelle east and west
Makes us traduc'd and taxed of other nations,
They clip us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,

129 Sutes *DE* ſuits *F.* 131 beguide *A.* 132 tearmes *AD.* foorth *AB.* 133 ſlaunder *AB.* moment *ADE.* leiſure *CDEF.*
Scena Quarta *not in any edition.* 1 ſhroudly *ABC.* is it *DE.* colde *AB.* 2 a *omitted in ABCF.* 3 hour *B* hower *D.* lacks *DF.* 5 then it *DE.* *A florish &c. not in DE.* 8 walke *BCF.* rowle *ABCF.* 9 waſſels *DE.* ſwaggering *DEF.* 10 dreines *DE.* drafts *ABC.* 11 Drum *DEF.* 13 marry *ABDEF* marrie *C.* 14 mind *BCDE.* 17 reueale *A* reuell *CF.* 18 traduſt *A.* 19 clepe *F.*

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The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chances in particuler men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leavens
The forme of plausive manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect
Being natures livery, or fortunes starre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandle.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Looke my lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call the Hamlet,
King, father, royall Dane, o answere me,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements, why the sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath op't his ponderous and marble jawes,
To cast thee up againe? What may this meane
That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele,
Revisitst thus the glimses of the moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughtes beyond the reaches of our soules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

Ghost beckens.

22 marrow *AF.* 23 chaunces *A.* 24 vitious *B.* 26 origen *BCF.* 36 eafe *(for* eale) *BCF.* 38 fcandall *BCF.* 17—38 *not in A**DE.* 42 euents *(for* intents) *DE.* 45 Oh, oh, anfwer *DE.* 48 cerments *D.* Cearments *E.* 49 enurn'd *(for* interr'd) *D* Inurn'd *E.* 50 op'd *DE.* 52 Coarfe *D.* 53 Reuifites *ABC* Reuifits *D.* glimpfes *CDEF.* 56 thoughts *ACDEF.* thee; *D.* 57 *Ghost omitted in ABCF. beckens Hamlet. D.*

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Hor. It beckens you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground,
But doe not goe with it.
Hor. No, by no meanes.
Ham. It will not speake, then will I followe it.
Hor. Doe not my lord.
Ham. Why, what should be the feare?
I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe;
It waves me forth againe; Ile followe it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my lord,
Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cliffe
That beetles ore his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible forme
Which might deprive your soveraignty of reason,
And drawe you into madnesse, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motive, into every braine
That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath.
Ham. It waves me still,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.
Mar. You shall not goe my lord.
Ham. Hold of your hands.
Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artire in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lions nerve;
Still am I cal'd, unhand me gentlemen:
By heaven, Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
I say away, goe on, Ile followe thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*
Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's followe, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after, to what issue will this come?

58 beckins *A* beckons *BC.* 60 curteous *AB.* 61 wafts *DE.* remooued *ABC.* 63 I will *ABCF.* 65 pins *DE.* 67 like (*for* as) *F.* 69 towards *BC.* floud *CDE.* 70 Sonnet *DE.* cleefe *ABCF.* 71 bettles *A* bettels *BCF* beckles *A**. 72 assumes *DE.* 75—78 *not in A*DE.* 78 wafts *DE.* 80 off *CDEF.* hand *DE.* 82 arture *A* artyre *B* attire *C* artery *F.* 83 Nemeon *A* Nemian *D.* 84 cald *AB.* 86 one *B.* *Exeunt DE.*

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Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me? speake; Ile goe no further.
Ghost. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My houre is almos come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up my selfe.
Ham. Alas poore ghost.
Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt heare.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfolde, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like starres start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like quils upon the fearefull porpentine:
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood; list, list, o list,
If thou did'st ever thy deare father love.
Ham. O God.
Ghost. Revenge his foule, and most unnaturall murther.
Ham. Murther?
Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is,
But this most foule, strange and unnaturall.

Scena Quinta. *not in any edition.* 1 Where *DE.* 3 fulphrus *A* fulphrous *BCF.* 11 fiers *DE.* 12 daies *BC.* 17 ftars *ABF.* 18 knotty *DE.* 19 on *A**. 20 Quilles *D* quills *EF.* fretfull *(for* fearefull) *A*DE.* 21 blafon *D.* 22 lift *Hamlet,* oh *DE.* 24 Oh Heauen! *DE.* 25 murder *A**.

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Ham. Hast me to know't, that I with wings as swift,
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweepe to my revenge.
Ghost. I finde thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it selfe in ease on Lethe wharfe,
Would'st thou not stirre in this; now Hamlet heare,
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me: so the whole eare of Denmarke
Is by a forged processe of my death
Rankly abus'd: but knowe thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy fathers life,
Now weares his crowne.
Ham. O my prophetike soule,
Mine uncle!
Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and giftes that have the power
So to seduce) won to his shamefull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous queene;
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine;
But vertue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heaven:
So lust, though to a radiant angell link'd,
Will sate it selfe in a celestiall bed
And prey on garbage.
But soft, me thinkes I scent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custome alwayes in the afternoone,
Upon my secure houre, thy uncle stole
With juyce of cursed Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of mine eares did poure

29 Hafte *A*CE* Haft, haft *DE.* know it *DE.* 31 find *AB.* 32 fhouldst *A*AF* fhouldest *BC.* 33 roots *CF* rots *DE.* wharffe *ABC.* 34 fturre *AB.* 35 It's *DE.* my *ABCF.* 38 rankely *A*CF* ranckely *AB.* abufde *A*A* abufed *BCF.* 41 my *ABCF.* 43 hath Traitorous guifts. *D* gifts *CF.* 45 wonne *ABC.* fhamfull *B.* 47 a *omitted in ABC.* 48 dignitie *AC.* 49 vowe *A.* 53 wil *D.* mooued *ABC* mov'd *F.* 55 So but though *ABCF.* Angle linckt *ABCF.* 56 fate *A** fort *(for* sate) *ABCF.* 57 pray *AB.* 58 fent *AD.* mornings *A*DE.* 59 & 63 my *ABCF.* 60 of *(for* in) *ABCF.* 61 hower *D* howre *E.* 62 Hebenon *DE.* Violl *DE.*

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The leprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset
And curde, like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholsome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barkt about,
Most lazerlike, with vile and lothsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brothers hand,
Of life, of crowne, of queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off even in the blossomes of my sinne,
Unhuzled, disappointed, unnaneld,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
O horrible, o horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,
Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy minde, nor let thy soule contrive
Against thy mother ought; leave her to heaven,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge,
To pricke and sting her: fare thee well at once,
The glow-worme shewes the matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his uneffectuall fire:
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me. *Exit.*
Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what els?
And shall I couple hell? O fie! hold, hold my heart,
And you my sinewes, growe not instant old,
But beare me stiffely up; remember thee?
I, thou poore ghost, whiles memory holds a seate
In this distracted globe; remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all triviall fond records,
All sawes of bookes, all formes, all pressures past,
That youth and observation coppied there,

64 leaprous *AB* leaperous *DE.* 65 enmitie *A.* 68 ſudden *F.* poſſeſſe *(for* posset) *ABCF.* 69 curd *DE.* Aygre *DE.* 71 barckt *A* bak't *D* bak'd *E.* 72 Lazar-like *DE.* loathſome *DE.* 75 and Queene *DE.* 77 Vnnuzled *BCF* Vnhouzzled *DE.* vnanueld *ABCF.* 78 reckoning *DEF.* 80 Oh *DE.* 84 howſomeuer *ABCF.* purſues *ABC.* 85 mind *BE.* 88 prick *A.* 89 glo-worme *ABCF.* ſhowes *DE.* 91 Adue, adue, *Hamlet: D.* 92 elſe *BCEF.* 93 coupple *AB.* fie! hold my heart *BCDEF.* 94 ſinnowes *AB* ſinnewes *DE.* 95 ſwiftly *(for* stiffely) *ABCF.* 96 while *DE.*

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And thy commandement all alone shall live
Within the booke and volume of my braine,
Unmixt with baser matter; yes by heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine!
My tables; meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine;
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
So uncle, there you are: now to my word;
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I have sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hor. My lord, my lord.
Mar. Lord Hamlet.
Hor. Heavens secure him.
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.
Mar. How is't my noble lord?
Hor. What newes, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderfull!
Hor. Good my lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reveale it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once thinke it?
But you'le be secret.
Both. I, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's never a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needes no ghost my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your businesse and desire shall point you,
For every man hath businesse and desire,

102 Commandment *DE.* 104 yes, yes, *DE.* 107 My Tables, my Tables; *DE.* 109 I'm *DE.* 111 adiew *C* Adue *D.* 113 *Hor. & Mar. within.* My Lord, my Lord. *Enter Horatio and Marcellus. DE.* 115 Heauen *DE.* 116 *Ham. (for Mar.) ABCF.* 117 *Mar. (for Hor.) ABCF.* 118 boy come, and come *ABCF.* 119 *Hor.* What newes, my lord? *omitted in B.* 120 *Hor. (for Ham.) B.* 119, 120 & 122 *prose in ABCDEF.* 121 you'l *D* you'll *E.* 124 *Booth. A.* Heau'n *DE.* my lord *not in ABCF.* 125 nere *D* ne'er *E.* 127 need *A** needs *BCDEF.* 128 i' th' *DE.* 131 bufines *AD.* defiers *A** defires *DE.* 132 ha's *D* has *E.*

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Such as it is, and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, I will goe pray.
Hor. These are but wilde and whurling words, my lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence my lord.
Ham. Yes, by saint Patrick, but there is Horatio,
And much offence too, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to knowe what is betweene us,
O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are friends, schollers and soldiers,
Give me one poore request.
Hor. What is't my lord? we will.
Ham. Never make knowne what you have seene to night.
Both. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear't.
Hor. In faith
My lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I my lord in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworne my lord already.
Ham. Indeede, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost cries under the stage. Sweare.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there true-penny?
Come on, you heare this fellowe in the sellerige,
Consent to sweare.
Hor. Propose the oath my lord.
Ham. Never to speake of this that you have seene,
Sweare by my sword.
Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Hic & ubique, then weele shift our ground:
Come hither gentlemen, and lay your hands
Againe upon my sword, sweare by my sword
Never to speake of this that you have heard.
Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Well said olde mole, canst worke i' th' earth so fast?
A worthy pioner, once more remove good friends.

133 my *ABCF.* 134 Looke you *not in ABCF.* Ile *DE.* 135 wherling *A** hurling *DE.* 136 I'm *DE.* ſory *A**. hartely *A** hartily *A.* 138 my Lord (*for* Horatio) *DE.* 139 to *ABC.* 142 Oremaſtret *A* Ore-maiſter't *B.* 143 ſouldiers *ABCEF.* 146 known *D.* ſeen *D.* 149 Vppon *AB.* 147—149 *prose in ABCDEF.* 152 Ah ha *DE.* ſayeſt *DE.* trupenny *A.* 153 one you here *DE.* ſelleredge *D* ſelleridge, *EF.* 156 the (*for* my) *B.* 158 for (*for* our) *DE.* 159 hether *ABC.* sweare by my sword *in DE* after 161. 162 Sweare by his ſword. *ABCF.* 163 old *BCDEF.* ground (*for* earth) *DE.*

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Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome,
There are more thinges in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Then are dream't of in your philosophie:
But come
Heere as before, never so helpe you mercy,
How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet
To put an antike disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, never shall
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As, well we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake, or there be, and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you knowe ought of me; this not to doe,
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you,
Sweare.
Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Rest, rest perturbed spirit: so gentlemen
With all my love I doe commend me to you,
And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe t'expresse his love and friending to you,
God willing shall not lacke: let us goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of joynt: o cursed spight,
That ever I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, let's goe together. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Pol. Give him this mony, and these notes Reynoldo.
Reyn. I will my lord.
Pol. You shall doe marvelous wisely good Reynoldo,

167 things *ACDEF.* 168 our philofophy *DE.* 171 fomere *(for* so ere) *ABC.* 173 Anticke *AD.* 174 time *DE.* 175 encombred *DE.* thus, *(for* this) *DE.* head thus fhak'd *F.* 177 well, well *ABCF.* 178 there *(for* they) *DE.* 180 aught *A*.* this doe fweare *ABCF.* 182 *not in ABCF.* 187 frending *AB.* 188 lack *A.* 189 lips *ABCF.*
Actus Secundus. *not in ABCF.* Scena Prima. *not in any edit. Enter old Polonius, with his man or two. ABCF. Enter Corambis, and Montano. A*.* 1 his *(for* this) *DE.* money *AD. Reynaldo ABCF.* 3 meruiles *A* maruellous *C* maruels *D.* wifely: *D.*

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Before you visite him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Reyn. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Mary, well said, very well said; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
What companie, at what expence, and finding
By this encompassement and drift of question,
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this Reynoldo?
Reyn. I, very well my lord.
Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well;
But if't be he I meane, he's very wilde,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please: marry, none so ranke
As may dishonour him, take heede of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and usuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and liberty.
Reyn. As gaming my lord.
Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.
Reyn. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;
You must not put another scandall on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taints of liberty,
The flash and out-breake of a fiery mind,
A savagenesse in unreclaimed blood,
Of generall assault.
Reyn. But my good lord.
Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?
Reyn. I my lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,
And I beleeve it is a fetch of warrant:

4 you (*for* to) *D.* inquire *ABCF.* 10 company *BCDEF.* 11 encompaſment *ABC* encompaſsment *F.* 13 demaunds *AB.* tuch *ABC.* 15 And (*for* As) *DE.* 20 Adicted *A.* 21 ranck *AB.* 22 heed *BCDEF.* 25 libertie *ABC.* 28 farre *BCDEF.* 30 no *omitted in ABCF.* 31 ſcandell *A.* 33 quently *ABC.* 36 ſauagenes *ABCD.* 39 Wherfor *B.* 42 wit (*for* warrant) *ABC.*

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You laying these slight sullies on my sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' th' working,
Marke you,
Your partie is converse; him you would sound,
Having ever seene in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence,
Good sir, or so, or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man and country.
Reyn. Very good my lord.
Pol. And then sir does he this, he does:
What was I about to say? By the masse I was
About to say something: where did I leave?
Reyn. At closes in the consequence.
Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's rouse,
There falling out at tennis; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlicet, a brothell, or so forth.
See you now,
Your bait of falshood takes this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisdome and of reach,
With windlesses, and with assaies of bias,
By indirections finde directions out,
So by my former lecture and advise
Shall you my sonne; you have me, have you not?
Reyn. My lord, I have.
Pol. God buy you; fare you well.
Reyn. Good my lord.
Pol. Observe his inclination in your selfe.
Reyn. I shall my lord.
Pol. And let him plye his musick.
Reyn. Well my lord. *Exit.*

43 ſallies *A* ſulleyes *D.* 44 ſoyld with working *ABC.* 46 party *BD.* 51 and (*for* or) *D.* 54 doos a *ABC.* 55 By the masse *omitted in D.* 56 ſomthing *D.* 57 conſequence: At friend, or ſo, and Gentleman. *D.* 59 cloſes with you *B.* 60 ſay *B.* tother *A*D.* 61 and ſuch; *D.* 62 a (*for* he) *ABC.* there, or tooke *ABC.* rowſe *ABC.* 64 ſuch or ſuch *BC.* ſaile; *D.* 67 take *ABC.* Cape *D.* 68 wiſedome *AD.* 70 indirects *BC.* find *ABC.* 71 aduice *D.* 74 buy ye, far ye *ABC.* 78 ply *ABC.* muſique *AB* Muſicke *D.*

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Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell. How now Ophelia, what's the matter?
Oph. Alas my lord, I have beene so affrighted.
Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?
Oph. My lord, as I was sowing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungartred, and downe gived to his ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pitious in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to such perusall of my face,
As he would draw it; long staid he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus waving up and downe,
He rais'd a sigh, so pittious and profound,
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head over his shoulders turn'd
He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out a doores he went without their helpe,
And to the last bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, goe with me, I will goe seeke the king,
This is the very extasie of love,
Whose violent property fordoos it selfe,
And leades the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures: I am sorry,
What, have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No my good lord, but as you did command,

81 O my Lord, my Lord *ABC.* 82 i' th *ABC.* God *(for* heaven) *ABC.* 83 cloſſet *(for* chamber) *ABC.* 85 ſtockins fouled *ABC.* 86 gyued *A* gyred *BC.* ancle *A* Anckle *D.* 88 pittious *ABC.* 91 do *B.* 95 o're *D.* 96 fals *CD.* 97 a would *ABC.* ſtayd *AB.* 100 raiſd *A* raiſed *BC.* 101 That *(for* As) *D.* 102 go *B.* 103 ſhoulder *A.* 105 of *(for* a) *C.* adores *D.* helps *AB* helpes *C.* 107 Come, *omitted in D.* 109 forgoes *BC* foredoes *D.* 110 leads *BCD.* 111 paſſions *ABC.* 112 dooes *AB.* 114 commaund *AB.*

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I did repell his letters, and denied
His accesse to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heede and judgement
I had not quoted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wracke the: but beshrew my jelousie:
By heaven it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lacke discretion; come, goe we to the king,
This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might move
More griefe to hide, then hate to utter love. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King and Queene, Rosencrans and Guildensterne.

King. Welcome deere Rosencrans and Guildensterne,
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlets transformation: so I call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should bee
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'understanding of himselfe,
I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both,
That beeing of so young dayes brought up with him,
And sith so neighbored to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to us unknowne afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedie.
Queene. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,

115 deny'de *D.* 117 ſpeed *(for* heede) *D.* 118 coted *ABC.* ſeare *D.* 119 wrack *A.* beſhrow *ABC.* iealouſie *CD.* 120 It ſeemes *(for* By heaven) *D.* 123 lack *AB.* 124 being *CD.* 125 greefe *D.* loue, Come. *ABC.* Scena Secunda *not in ABC.* 1 *Roſencraus ABC Roſincrance D. Roſſencraft, and Gilderſtone A.* 3 neede *D.* 4 hastie *ACD.* 5 I *omitted in ABC.* 6 Since not *D.* 7 be *ABC.* 10 deeme *(for* dreame) *D.* entreat *B* intreat *CD.* 11 daies *B.* 12 ſince *D.* nabored *A* neighboured *C* Neighbour'd *D.* hauior *AB* havour *C.* 13 voutſafe *AB.* 16 Occaſions *D.* 17 *omitted in D.* 18 lyes *A.* remedy *B.* 19 talk'd *D.*

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And sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres, if it will please you
To shew us so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thankes
As fits a kings remembrance.
Ros. Both your majesties
Might by the soveraigne power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Then to intreaty.
Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our selves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feete,
To be commanded.
King. Thankes Rosencrans, and gentle Guildensterne.
Queene. Thankes Guildensterne, and gentle Rosencrans.
And I beseech you instantly to visite
My too much changed sonne: goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.
Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exeunt Ros. and Guild.*
Queene. I amen.
Enter Polonius.
Pol. Th'embassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou still hast beene the father of good newes.
Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king;
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of policie so sure
As it hath us'd to doe, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlets lunacie.
King. O speake of that, that doe I long to heare.
Pol. Give first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast.
King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.

20 is *(for* are) *A.* 21 whome *AB.* 22 Gentrie *D.* 23 extend *BC.* 29 entreatie *AD* intreatie *C.* But *not in D.* 31 Seruices *D.* 32 *not in BC.* 36 ye *D.* 37 the *(for* these) *D.* 38 Heauen, *A.* practices *ABC.* 39 *Exit. D.* I *not in D.* 40 Ambaſſadors *D.* 41 returnd *AB.* 42 been *A* bin *CD.* 43 I aſſure my *ABC.* 45 one *(for* and) *D.* 47 trayle *ABC.* 48 As I haue *D.* 49 lunacy *B.* 50 I do *D.* 52 frute *B* fruit *C* Newes *(for* fruite) *D.*

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He tells me my deere Gertrud he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.
Queene. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His fathers death, and our o're-hasty marriage.

Enter embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome my good friends:
Say Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?
Volt. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Upon our first, he sent out to suppresse
His nephews levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation gainst the Pollacke,
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highnesse, whereat greev'd,
That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortenbrasse, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th'assay of armes against your majesty:
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
And his commission to imploy those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Pollacke,
With an entreaty heerein further shewne,
That it might please you to give quiet passe
Through your dominions, for his enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set downe.
King. It likes us well,
And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,
Answer, and thinke upon this businesse:
Meane time we thanke you for your well tooke labour.
Goe to your rest, at night wee'l feast together,
Most welcome home. *Exeunt embassadors.*
Pol. This businesse is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duety is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,

54 He tels me my ſweet Queene, that *D.* my decree: *BC.* *Gertrard A.* 55 ſourſe *D.* 57 o're- *omitted in ABC.* *Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius. D.* 58 my *omitted in D.* Frends *D.* 59 *Voltumand D Voltemar A**. Norwey *D.* 63 'gainſt the Poleak: *D.* 64 lookt *ABC.* 65 grieued *A** grieu'd *C* greeued *D.* 67 falſely *BD.* 71 Maieſtie *ACD.* 73 threeſcore *(for* three) *ABC.* 75 Poleak *D.* 76 intreaty *A*D.* ſhone *ABC.* 78 this *(for* his) *ABC.* 81 conſidered *ABC.* wee'le *ABC.* 84 weele *ABC.* 85 very well *D.* 87 dutie *ACD.*

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Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soule of wit,
And tediousnesse the limmes and outward florishes,
I will be briefe. Your noble sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true madnesse,
What is't but to be nothing els but mad?
But let that goe.

Queene. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Madam, I sweare I use no art at all:
That he is mad 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pitty,
And pitty tis, tis true: a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then, and now remaines
That we finde out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus.
Perpend,
I have a daughter, have, while she is mine,
Who in her duety and obedience, marke,
Hath given me this: now gather and surmise.

To the celestiall, and my soules idol, the most beautified Ophelia,
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus
in her excellent white bosome, these.

Queene. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

Doubt that the starres are fire,
Doubt that the sunne doth move,
Doubt truth to be a lier,
But never doubt I love.

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers: I have not art to recken my grones; but that I love thee best, o most best beleeve it. Adieu. Thine evermore most deere lady, whilst this machine is to him. Hamlet.

This in obedience hath my daughter shew'd me,
And more above hath his solicitings,

89 waſte *CD.* 90 since *omitted in ABC.* 91 limbes *D.* flouriſhes *D.* 92 breeſe *BD.* 93 madnes *AB.* 97 hee's *AB* he's *C.* pittie *CD.* 98 it is (*for* tis, tis) *D.* 106 whil'ſt *D.* 109 *The Letter. D. Idoll ACD.* 111 vilde *D.* 112 theſe (*for* thus) *D.* 113 *theſe &c. ABC.* 116 *Letter. ABC. thou* (*for* that) *AD.* 117 *mooue B.* 118 *lyer ABC.* 121 *reckon CD. groanes, BC.* 122 *deare BC.* 124 ſhowne *A* ſhown *BC.* 125 about (*for* above) *ABC.* ſoliciting *D.*

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As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All given to mine eare.
King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?
Pol. What doe you thinke of me?
King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.
Pol. I would faine prove so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hote love on the wing,
As I perceiv'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deere majesty your queene heere, thinke,
If I had playd the deske or table-booke,
Or given my heart a winking mute and dumbe,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my yong mistresse thus I did bespeake,
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy starre,
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That she should locke her selfe from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens:
Which done, she tooke the fruites of my advise,
And he repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnesse, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weaknesse,
Thence to a lightnesse, and by this declension,
Into the madnesse wherein now he raves,
And all we mourne for.
King. Doe you thinke 'tis this?
Queene. It may be very like.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwise,
If circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the center.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together

129 honourable *CD*. 130 wold *D*. 131 hot *BCD*. 132 perceiued *D*. 136 working *(for* winking) *ABC*. 139 Miſtris *AD*. Miſtriſſe *B*. this *(for* thus) *BC*. 140 star *A*. 141 preſcripts *(for* precepts) *ABC*. 142 her *(for* his) *A*. 144 Aduice *D*. 145 repell'd *A* repel'd. *BC*. 146 ſadnes *AB*. 147 weakenes *A* weakeneſſe *B*. 148 a *not in ABC*. lightnes *AB*. 149 whereon *D*. 150 waile *(for* mourne) *D*. 'tis *not in ABC*. 151 likely *DF*. 152 beene *BC*. bene *D*. I'de fain *D*. 158 Centre *D*. trie *C*. forther *B*.

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Heere in the lobby.
Queene. So he does indeede.
Pol. At such a time Ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an arras then,
Marke the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keepe a farme and carters.
King. We will trye it.

Enter Hamlet.

Queene. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I doe beseech you, both away, *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile bord him presently. Oh give me leave,
How does my good lord Hamlet?
Ham. Well, God a mercy.
Pol. Doe you knowe me, my lord?
Ham. Excellent well, you are a fishmonger.
Pol. Not I my lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest, my lord?
Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of tenne thousand.
Pol. That's very true, my lord.
Ham. For if the sunne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion — Have you a daughter?
Pol. I have my lord.
Ham. Let her not walke i'th' sunne: conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend looke to't.
Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is farre gone, and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for love, very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my lord?
Ham. Words, words, words.
Pol. What is the matter, my lord?
Ham. Betweene who?
Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my lord.

160 Soe *B.* dooes *A.* ha's indeed *D.* 162 behind *ABC.* 166 And *(for* But) *D.* try *AD* trie *C. Hamlet reading on a Booke. D.* 169 boord *D.* 173 Excellent, excellent *D.* y'are *A*D. In A* the lines corresponding with II, 2, 182 — III, 1, 28 are transposed, so that they follow those corresponding with III, 1, 56 — 161.* 178 pickt *ABC.* ten *C* two *D.* 180 Sun *CD.* breed *BCD.* Magots *D.* 184 not *omitted in ABC.* conceaue, *AB.* 186 & 187 a *(for* he) *ABC.* 187 farre gone, farre gone: *D.* 189 read *BD.* 193 matter you meane, *D.*

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Ham. Slanders sir; for the satyricall rogue sayes here, that old men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thicke amber, or plum-tree gumme, and that they have a plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hammes, all which sir, though I most powerfully and potently beleeve, yet I holde it not honesty to have it thus set downe, for your selfe sir shall growe old as I am, if like a crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't: will you walke out of the ayre my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeede that's out of the ayre: how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happinesse that often madnesse hits on, which reason and sanitie could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and sodainely contrive the meanes of meeting betweene him, and my daughter. My lord, I will take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Enter Guildensterne and Rosencrans.

Pol. Fare you well my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you sir.

Guil. My honor'd lord.

Ros. My most deere lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends, how dost thou Guildensterne? Ah Rosencrans, good lads how doe ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy: on Fortunes cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoo.

Ros. Neither my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her wast, or in the middle of her favour?

194 Slaunders *A.* ſatericall *ABC.* ſlaue *(for* rogue) *D.* ſaies *BCD.* 195 wrinckled *AB.* 196 thick *ABC.* & *AB* and *C (for* or). gum *ABC.* 197 locke *D.* most *not in D.* 198 hams *ABC.* 199 honeſtie *CD.* 200 you your ſelfe *D.* ſhould be old *D.* 201 backeward *BC.* 202 wil *BC.* 204 graue. *ABC.* 205 that is *D.* o'th' *D.* 206 happines *ABC.* 207 ſanctity *AB* ſanctitie *C.* 208 deliuer'd *D.* and sodainely — betweene him *not in ABC.* 209 My Honourable Lord, I will moſt humbly *D.* 211 cannot Sir *D.* not *omitted in D.* 212 except my life, except my life *(for* my life) *ABC.* *Enter Roſincran and Guildenſterne. after l. 215 in D.* 215 my Lord *D.* 217 Mine honour'd *D.* 219 dooſt *A.* 220 A *ABC* Oh *DE.* you *ABCF.* 222 euer *(for* over) *ABC.* 223 lap *(for* cap) *ABC.* 224 Soales *D.* ſhooe *ABC.* 226 waſte *D.* 227 fauors. *ABC.*

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Guil. Faith, her privates, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet. What newes?

Ros. None my lord, but that the world's growne honest.

Ham. Then is doomes day neere: but your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord?

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmarke being one o' th' worst.

Ros. We thinke not so my lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreames.

Guil. Which dreames indeed are ambition: for the very substance of the ambitious, is meerely the shadow of a dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

Ros. Truely, and I hold ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggers bodies; and our monarchs and out-stretcht heroes the beggers shadowes: shall wee to th' court: for, by my fey I cannot reason?

Both. Wee'l wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsonoure?

Ros. To visit you my lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thankes; but I thanke you, and sure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfepeny: were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitation? come, deale justly with me: come, come, nay speake.

230 What's the *D.* 231 that *not in ABC.* 233—262 Let — attended; *not in ABC.* 263 friendſhip. *B.* 265 euer *(for* even) *ABC.* 267 half-peny *ABC.* 268 come, come, *ABC.*

Guil. What should we say my lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose: you were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties have not craft enough to color, I know the good king and queene have sent for you.

Ros. To what end my lord?

Ham. That you must teache me: but let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowshippe, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever preserved love, and by what more deare a better proposer could charge you withall, bee even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you: if you love me hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecie to the king and queene moult no feather, I have of late, but wherefore I knowe not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises, and indeede it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to me a sterill promontorie, this most excellent canopy the ayre, looke you, this brave orehanging firmament, this majesticall roofe, fretted with golden fire, why, it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapoures. What a piece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moving, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an angell, in apprehension, how like a god: the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals; and yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I said man delights not me?

Ros. To thinke, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainement the players shall receive from you: we

271 Why *not in ABC.* th *ABC.* 272 of *omitted in D.* 273 cullour *ABC.* 276 teach *BCD.* 277 fellowſhip *ACD.* conſonancie *AC.* 279 can *(for* could) *ABC.* 284 of *A.* 287 of your ſecricie *D.* 289 forgone *D.* exerciſe; *D.* 290 heauenly *(for* heavily) *D.* 293 ore-hanged *BC.* firmament *not in D.* 294 appearth *BC.* appeares no other thing *D.* then *(for* but) *D.* 295 What peece *ABC.* 296 is man *F.* infinite *D.* faculty? *D.* 299 Annimales *ABC.* 301 no, nor *D.* women *A.* 304 you laugh, when *D.* 307 Lenton *ABCDE.* entertainment *ACD.* receaue *A.*

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coted them on the way, and hether are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that playes the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foyle and target, the lover shall not sigh gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in peace, the clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled a'th' sere, and the lady shall say her minde freely; or the blanke verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Ros. I thinke their inhibition comes by the meanes of the late innovation.

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros. No indeede, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keepes in the wonted pace; but there is sir an ayrie of children, little yases, that crye out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the fashion, and so beratle the common stages (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers, are affraide of goose-quils, and dare scarse come thither.

Ham. What are they children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players (as it is like most if their meanes are no better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne succession.

Ros. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to controversie. There was for a while no mony bid for argument, unlesse the poet and the player went to cuffes in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of braines.

Ham. Do the boyes carry it away?

Ros. I that they do my lord, Hercules & his load too.

308 coated *DF.* hither *D.* the *(for* they) *BC.* comming *AD.* 310 ſhal *AB.* 311 on *(for* of) *ABC.* aduenterous *ABC.* 312 ſhal *BD.* ſing *(for* sigh) *BC.* 313 humorus *A.* the clowne — sere *not in ABCF.* 315 black *A.* 316 hault *ABC.* 317 such *not in D.* 318 Citty *AB* Citie *C.* 319 the *(for* they) *BC.* 322 innouaſion *A.* 324 follow'd *D.* 325 are they *ABC.* 330 be-ratled *D.* 326—346 *not in A*ABC.*

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Ham. It is not very strange: for mine uncle is king of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducates a peece, for his picture in little: 's blood there is something in this more then naturall, if philosophie could finde it out. *A florish.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsonoure: your hands, come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie. Let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which I tell you must showe fairely outwards, should more appeare like entertainement then yours. You are welcome: but my uncle father, and aunt mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what my deere lord?

Ham. I am but mad north north west; when the wind is southerly, I knowe a hauke from a hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you gentlemen.

Ham. Harke you Guildensterne, and you to, at each eare a hearer: that great baby you see there, is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players; marke it, you say right sir, a Monday morning, 'twas so indeede.

Pol. My lord, I have newes to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have newes to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome —

Pol. The actors are come hither my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Uppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each actor on his asse.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedie,

347 very *not in D.* my *ABC.* 348 moes *A** mowes *(for* mouths) *D.* 349 fifty *not in D.* an hundred *D.* duckets *ABC.* 350 s'bloud *ABC, not in DE.* 351 ſomthing *A.* 352 *Flouriſh for the Players. D.* 354 welcom *D.* 355 then *not in D.* th'apportenance *BC.* 356 the Garbe *D.* let *(for* lest) *ABC.* me *(for* my) *A.* 358 outward *D.* entertainment *AD.* 360 deceaued *ABC.* 363 Hawke *CD.* 365 Hark *BC* Hearke *D.* too *DF.* are *(for* at) *BC.* 366 as you ſee *BCF.* 367 ſwathing clouts *DE.* 368 happely *F.* he's *D.* 370 prophecie *CF* Propheſie *DE.* that he *BCF.* 371 mark it, *AD.* it: *F.* Sir: for a *DE.* 372 then *(for* so) *ABC.* 374 *Roſſius ABCDF.* 375 was *not in D.* 377 Buzze, buzze *D.* 378 Vpon mine *D.* 379 can *(for* came) *D.*

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comedie, historie, pastorall, pastorall-comicall, historicall-pastorall, tragicall-historicall, tragicall-comicall-historicall-pastorall: scene individible, or poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light, for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the onely men.

Ham. O Jephta judge of Israel, what a treasure hads't thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why

One faire daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th'right old Jephta?

Pol. If you call me Jephta my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Pol. What followes then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

As by lot, God wot,
and then you knowe,
It came to passe, as most like it was;
the first rowe of the pious chanson will showe you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: welcome good friends. O my olde friend, why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last: com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my young lady and mistris, byr lady your ladishippe is neerer to heaven, then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God your voice, like a peece of uncurrant gold, bee not crackt within the ring. Maisters you are all welcome, wee'l e'ne to't like French faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l have a speech straite, come give us a tast of your quality, come, a passionate speech.

Player. What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was never acted, or if it was, not above once, for the play I

382 tragicall — pastorall *not in ABC.* 383 seeme *(for* scene) *BC.* indeuidible *A* indeuidable *BCF* indiuible *DE.* 385 only *A.* 386 *Jeptha ABC.* 387 a *not in A.* 393—395 *omitted in BC.* 401 *Pons D* pans *EF (for* pious). ſhow *BC.* ſhew *D.* 402 abridgment *AB.* Abridgements come. *Enter foure or fiue Players. D.* 403 Y'are *D.* Maſters *D.* 404 oh old *ABC.* 405 why *not in D.* vallanced A* valanct *A* valiant *D.* 407 by *AB* my *C (for* Byr). Ladiſhip *CD.* nerer *AB.* to *not in D.* 408 Choppine *D.* 409 crack'd *D.* 410 weele *ABC.* en *ABC* e'en *F* euen A*. 411 friendly Faukners *ABCF.* fly *A.* 412 ſtraight *D.* taſte *BC.* 414 *1. Player D.* good *not in D.*

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remember pleas'd not the million, 'twas caviary to the generall, but it was (as I received it and others, whose judgement in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modestie as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter savory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, and by very much more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefely loved, 'twas Aeneas tale to Dido, and there about of it especially where he speakes of Priams slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see,

The rugged Pyrrhus like th' Hyrcanian beast,
It is not so, it beginnes with Pyrrhus,
The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable armes,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismall head to foote,
Now is he totall gules, horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streetes,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seekes;
So proceede you.

Pol. Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

Player. Anon he finds him,
Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword,
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it falles,
Repugnant to command; unequall matcht,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword,

417 Cauiarie *D.* 418 receiu'd *D.* iudgements *AC* iudgments *B.* 421 ſayd *AB.* was *(for* were) *A*D.* 422 fauoury *D.* 423 affection *ABC.* 424—425 as — fine *omitted in D.* 425 One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely *D.* 426 lou'd *BCD.* talke *(for* tale) *ABC.* thereabout *D.* 427 when *(for* where) *ABC.* 429 ircanian *ABC.* 430 tis *ABC.* begins *BCD.* 432 Blacke *BCD.* 433 the *D.* 434 this *(for* his) *ABCDE.* complection *ABC* 436 to take Geulles *D.* guiſe, horridely tricked *A** trickt *ABC.* 438 empaſted *A* embaſted *BC.* ſtreets *CD.* 439 tirranus *A* tirranous *BC.* and damned *D.* 440 their vilde Murthers, roaſted *D.* 441 ore-ciſed *ABC.* 444 *not in D.* 445 Afore *A*.* 446 findes *D.* 449 fals *AB* falls *C.* 450 match *D.* 452 wind *BC.*

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Th'unnerved father falls: then senselesse Illium,
Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopes to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus eare, for lo, his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i'th' ayre to sticke:
So as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood,
And like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heavens, the racke stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anone the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after Pyrrhus pause,
A rowsed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Marses armor, forg'd for proofe eterne,
With lesse remorse then Pyrrhus bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet fortune! all you gods,
In generall synod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes and fellowes from her wheele,
And boule the round nave downe the hill of heaven,
As lowe as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he's for a jigge, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepes. Say on, come to Hecuba.

Player. But who, O who had seene the mobled queene.

Ham. The mobled queene?

Pol. That's good.

Player. Runne barefoot up and downe, threatning the flames
With bison rheume, a clout about that head,
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanke and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blanket in the alarme of feare caught up.
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steept,

453 falles *A** fals *AD.* then — Illium, *omitted in ABC.* 454 his (*for* this) *D.* blow *BCD.* 455 Bace *D.* hiddious *ABC.* 458 ſtick, *ABC.* 459 tirant *Pirrhus AB.* 460 And *omitted in ABC.* 464 bould *BC.* winds *ABC.* 465 anon *ACD.* 467 a-worke *D.* 469 Mars his Armours *D* Mars his armour *F.* 471 falles *D.* 474 follies *A* folles *B* Fallies *D* felloes *F.* of (*for* from) *A.* 478 ſhal *B.* th Barbars *D.* Prythee *D.* 479 Iig *BC.* Baudry *D.* 481 a woe (*for* O who) *ABC.* inobled (*for* mobled) *D.* 483 good: Inobled Queene is good. *D.* 484 flame *D.* 485 Biſſon *D.* rhume *BC.* vppon *A* vpon *BC* (*for* about). 487 lanck *ABC.* loines *D.* 488 th'Alarum *D.*

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Gainst fortunes state would treason have pronounc'd;
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husbands limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Unlesse things mortall move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his colour, and has teares in's eyes. Prethe no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile have thee speake out the rest of this soone. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed; doe you heare, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and breefe chronicles of the time. After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, then their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping: use them after your owne honor and dignity, the lesse they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Ham. Follow him friends, weele heare a play to morrowe. Dost thou heare me old friend, can you play the murther of Gonzago?

Player. I my lord.

Ham. Weele hav't to morrowe night. You could for a neede study a speech of some dosen or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't: could you not?

Player. I my lord.

Ham. Very well, followe that lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leave you till night, you are welcome to Elsonoure.

Ros. Good my lord. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I so, God bu'ye: now I am alone.
O what a rogue and pesant slave am I!

493 huſband *A.* limbes *D.* 494 Clamour *D.* 496 milche *D.* 498 ha's *D.* turn'd *D.* cullour *A* collour *BC.* 499 Pray you *D.* 500 of this *not in D.* 501 wel beſtow'd *D.* 502 Do ye *D.* v 'd: *D.* 503 Abſtracts *D.* 505 liued *D.* 506 deſart *D.* 507 bodykins *D.* much *not in D.* 508 ſhould (*for* shall) *D.* 509 honour *BC.* 510 merrit *ABC.* bountie *D.* 511 *Exit Polon. D.* 512 here *BC.* morrow *BCD.* 516 hate *A* ha't *D.* a *not in ABC.* 517 doſen lines, or *ABC.* 518 ye *D.* 521 mock *AD.* tell *A* til *D.* 522 *Exeunt Pol. and Players. ABC.* 524 buy'ye *DE.* buy to you *ABCF.*

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Is it not monstrous that this player heere
But in a fiction, in a dreame of passion,
Could force his soule so to his owne conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole function suiting
With formes to his conceit? and all for nothing,
For Hecuba?
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleave the generall eare with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede
The very faculty of eyes and eares;
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled rascall, peake,
Like John a-dreames, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most deere life,
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a coward?
Who calles me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the nose, gives me the lie i'th'throate,
As deepe as to the lunges? Who does me this?
Ha!
'Swounds I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lacke gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slaves offall, bloody, baudy villaine.
Remorselesse, trecherous, lecherous, kindles villaine.
Oh vengeance!
Why what an asse am I? this is most brave,
That I, the sonne of a deere father murthered,

527 fixion *ABCDE*. 528 whole (*for* owne) *D*. 529 the (*for* his) *ABC*. warm'd (*for* wand) *D*. 530 in's *D*. 531 an his *A*. ſuting *ABC*. 534 her (*for* Hecuba) *ABC*. 536 that (*for* the cue) *ABC*. 539 appeale *BC* apale *D*. 541 faculties *ABC* 541 & 542 *one line in ABCDEF*. 543 metteld *A* mettled *BC*. raſkall *ABC*. 548 cals *A* calls *BC*. 550 Tweakes *D*. th' Noſe *D*. 552 Hah *ABC*. 552 & 553 *one line in ABCDEF*. 553 s'wounds *ABC* Why *D*. 554 pidgion liuerd *ABC*. 556 a (*for* have) *A*. 557 bloudy: a Bawdy *D*. 558 treacherous, letcherous, *BCD*. kindleſſe *ABC*. 559 Oh vengeance! *not in ABC*. 560 Who? What an Aſſe am I? I ſure, this *D*. 561 a deere murthered *A* the Deere murthered *D*.

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Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must like a whore unpacke my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drabbe,
A scullion?
Fie upon't, foh. About my braine; hum, I have heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene,
Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther, though it have no tongue, will speake
With most miraculous organ. Ile have these players
Play something like the murther of my father
Before mine uncle, Ile observe his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke: if he doe blench
I know my course. The spirit that I have seene
May be the divell, and the divell hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weaknesse and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damne me; Ile have grounds
More relative then this: the play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the king. *Exit.*

[Actus Tertius. Scęna Prima.]

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrans, Guildensterne and lords.

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?
Ros. He does confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.
Guil. Nor doe we finde him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty madnesse keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to some confession

563 vnpack *BC.* 564 Drab *D.* 565 ſtallion, *ABC* ſcalion, *A*.* 566 Fye *D.* braines *ABC* braues *B*.* hum, *not in D.* 564—566 And — foh. *one line in ABC.* A scullion — play, *two lines, the first ending at* braine, *in D.* 573 ſomthing *BC.* murder *D.* 574 Vnkle. *D.* 575 a *(for* he) *ABC.* but *(for* doe) *D.* 577 a *(for* the) *ABC.* deale *(for* divell) *A.*
Actus Tertius. Scena Prima. *not in any edit.* 1 circumſtance *(for* conference) *D.* 4 Lunacy *D.* 6 a *(for* he) *ABC.* 7 find *ABC.*

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Of his true state.
Queene. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.
Queene. Did you assay him
To any pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine players
We ore-raught on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of joy
To heare of it: they are about the court,
And as I thinke, they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to intreate your majesties
To heare and see the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
Ros We shall my lord. *Exeunt Ros. and Guild.*
King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may heere
Affront Ophelia;
Her father and my selfe (lawful espials)
Will so bestow our selves, that seeing unseene,
We may of their encounter frankely judge,
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be th'affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.
Queene. I shall obey you.
And for your part Ophelia, I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlets wildnesse: so shall I hope your vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wish it may.
Pol. Ophelia, walke you heere: gracious so please you,

17 ore-wrought *D.* 18 kinde *D.* 19 are heere *ABC.* 22 befeecht *ABC.* intreat *ABC.* 27 into *(for* on to) *ABC.* 28 two *(for* too) *ABC.* 30 there *(for* heere) *D.* 32 (lawful espials) *not in ABC.* 33 Wee'le *(for* Will) *ABC.* 34 franckly *A* franckely *B.* 35 behaued *D.* 36 Ift *ABC.* 38 my *(for* your) *BCF.* 40 wildnes *AB* wildeneffe *D.* 43 pleafe ye *D.*

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We will bestow our selves; reade on this booke,
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your lonelinesse. We are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotions' visage
And pious action, we doe sugar o're
The devill himselfe.

King. O 'tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helpes it,
Then is my deede to my most painted word:
O heavy burthen!

Pol. I heare him comming: let's withdraw my lord.
Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the minde to suffer
The slings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take armes against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to die, to sleepe,
No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end
The heart-ake, and the thousand naturall shockes
That flesh is heire to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortall coile,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
Th'oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of despiz'd love, the lawes delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,

45 cullour *A.* 46 lowlines *A* lowlineſſe *BC (for* lonelinesse). too *ABCD.* 48 ſurge *(for* sugar) *D.* 49 diuell *BD.* too *not in D.* 51 plaiſt'ring *D.* 52 ougly *AB.* 54 heauie *D.* 55 let's *not in ABC. Exeunt. not in ABC. Enter Hamlet. after l. 54 in ABC.* 62 ſhocks *ABC.* 63 heyre too? *D.* 64 wiſht *ABC.* 71 The *D.* poore *(for* proude) *D.* 72 of office, and *BC* diſpriz'd *D (for* despiz'd). 74 merrit *AB.* the *D.* 75 quietas *AB.* 76 theſe Fardles *D.*

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The undiscover'd country, from whose borne,
No traveller returnes, puzzels the will,
And makes us rather beare those ills we have,
Then flie to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hew of resolution
Is sickled o're with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turne awry,
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia? nimph, in thy orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver,
I pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, not I,
I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honor'd lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these againe, for to the noble minde,
Rich gifts wax poore when givers prove unkinde.
There my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest?

Oph. My lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What meanes your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty my lord, have better comerce then with honesty?

Ham. I truly: for the power of beauty will sooner transforme honesty from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likenesse, this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proofe. I did love you once.

79 vndiſcouered *D.* countrie *C* Countrey *D.* 80 trauiler *A* trauailer *B.* Puzels *D.* 81 illes *D.* 83 of us all *omitted in ABC.* 84 hiew *ABC.* 85 ſicklied *DEF.* 86 pith *(for* pitch) *D.* 87 Currants *D.* away *(for* awry) *D.* 92 well, well, well. *D.* 95 no *(for* not I) *D.* 97 I know *D.* 99 theſe *(for* the) *ABC.* then *(for* their) *D.* left: *(for* lost,) *D.* 107 you *(for* your honesty) *ABC.* 109 comerſe *A.* 110 your *(for* with) *D.* 112 baude *B* Baud *C* Bawd *D.* 113 in *C* to *F (for* into).

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Oph. Indeed my lord, you made me beleeve so.

Ham. You should not have beleeved me, for vertue cannot so innocculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnerie: why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proude, revengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellowes as I do, crawling betweene earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all, beleeve none of us. Go thy wayes to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him, that he may play the foole no where but in's owne house. Farewell.

Oph. O helpe him, you sweet heavens.

Ham. If thou doest marry, Ile give thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chast as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny; get thee to a nunnery, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a fool, for wise men knowe well enough what monsters you make of them: to a nunnery goe, and quickly too, farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too well enough. God hath given you one face; and you make your selfe another: you gig, you amble, and you lispe, you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnesse your ignorance. Goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages, those that are married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are: to a nunnery, go. *Exit.*

Oph. O what a noble mind is heere o'rethrowne!
The courtiers, soldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,

117 beleeu'd *ABC.* 118 euocutat *A* euacuat *B* euacuate *C* inocculate *E.* ſtocke *D.* 121 to *not in ABC.* Nunry *ABC.* 124 proud *C* prowd *D.* 125 beck *A.* 128 crauling *ABC.* Heauen and Earth *D.* 129 all *not in ABC.* waies *ABC.* 132 doers *BC.* 133 way, *(for* where) *D.* 135 dooſt *ABC.* plage *B.* 136 yce *AB.* 137 Nunnery. Go, *D.* 138 foole *ABC.* 140 to *ABC.* farwell *BD.* 141 O *not in ABC.* 142 pratlings *(for* paintings) *D.* too *not in ABC.* wel *D.* 143 has *D.* pace *(for* face) *D.* ſelfes *AB.* 144 gidge *D.* gig & *A* and *B.* liſt *(for* lispe) *ABC.* and nickname *D.* creaturs *B.* 145 wantonnes ignorance; *ABC.* 146 too *D.* madde, *AB.* 147 mo marriage *ABC.* 148 ſhal liue *B.*

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Th'expectansie and rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'observ'd of all observers, quite, quite downe,
And I of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the huny of his musicke vowes;
Now see that noble and most soveraigne reason,
Like sweete bells jangled out of tune, and harsh,
That unmatch'd forme and feature of blowne youth
Blasted with extasie. O wo is me,
T'have seene what I have seene, see what I see.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love? his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd forme a little,
Was not like madnesse; there's something in his soule,
O're which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
I have in quicke determination
Thus set it downe: he shall with speede to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expell
This something setled matter in his heart,
Whereon his braines still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well. But yet doe I beleeve
The origin and commencement of his greefe
Sprung from neglected love. How now Ophelia?
You neede not tell us what lord Hamlet saide,
We heard it all. My lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queene mother all alone intreate him
To show his griefe: let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the eare
Of all their conference. If she finde him not,
To England send him: or confine him where
Your wisedome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,
Madnesse in great ones must not unwatch'd goe. *Exeunt.*

152 expectation, *ABC.* 155 Haue *(for* And) *D.* 156 ſuckt *ABC.* honny *A* hony *C* Honie *D.* muſickt *AB.* Vowes: *D.* 157 what *(for* that) *ABC.* 158 ſweet bels *CD.* time *(for* tune) *ABC.* 159 ſtature *(for* feature) *ABC.* 160 Oh woe *D.* 161 *Exit. ABC.* 162 Love, *A.* : *BC* ! *F.* 163 For *F.* lackt *ABC.* 167 for *not in D.* 169 it *not in BCF.* 170 demaund *AB.* 177 this *(for* his) *D.* it *(for* his greefe) *BCF.* 179 ſaid *AB.* 183 Greefes *D.* 188 vnmatcht *ABC.*

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[Scena Secunda.]

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lieve the town-cryer spoke my lines: nor doe not saw the aire too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothnesse. O it offends me to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe tere a passion to tatters, to very ragges, to split the eares of the groundlings, who, for the most part are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe showes, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant, it out-Herods Herod, pray you avoyde it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall observance, that you ore-steppe not the modestie of nature: for any thing so over-done, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to holde as 'twere the mirrour up to nature, to shew vertue her owne feature, scorne her owne image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure. Now, this over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious greeve; the censure of which one, must in your allowance, ore-weigh a whole theater of others. O, there bee players that I have seene play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of natures journemen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Player. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, sir.

Scena Secunda. *not in any edition. two or not in ABC.* 3 our *(for* your) *ABC.* liue *ABCDE.* had ſpoke *D.* 4 with *omitted in D.* 6 the Whirlewinde *D.* of your *ABC.* 8 ſee *(for* heare) *D.* Pery-wig-pated *D.* 9 teare *D.* totters *ABC.* rags *ABC.* ſpleet *ABC.* 12 could *(for* would) *D.* 13 auoid *D.* 17 ore-ſtop *D.* 18 modeſty *B.* ore-doone *AB.* 19 at firſt *CF.* 21 her feature *ABC.* 23 tardie *ACD.* makes *ABC.* 25 the which *D.* o're-way *D.* 27 prayſd *AB.* 28 th' accent *AB.* 29 or Norman *(for* nor man) *D.* 31 Iornimen *A* Iournymen *C* Iouerney-men *D.* 33 sir *not in ABC.*


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Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes speake no more then is set downe for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barraine spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the foole that uses it. Go make you ready.

Exit Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosencrans, and Guildensterne.

How now my lord, will the king heare this peece of worke?
Pol. And the queene too, and that presently.
Ham. Bid the players make hast. *Exit Polonius.*
Will you two helpe to hasten them?
Both. We will my lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, Horatio?
Hor. Heere sweet lord, at your service.
Ham. Horatio, thou art een as just a man
As ere my conversation copt withall.
Hor. O my deere lord.
Nay, do not thinke I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenew hast but thy good spirits
To feede and clothe thee. Why should the poore be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fauning; doost thou heare?
Since my deare soule was mistris of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
Sh'ath seal'd thee for her selfe, for thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that fortunes buffets and rewards
Hath tane with equall thankes; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well co-medled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortunes finger
To sound what stop she please: give me that man
That is not passions slave, and I will weare him

36 wil *A.* 37 barren *D.* to (*for* too) *ABC.* 40 *Exit Players. not in ABC. Enter &c. after l. 41 in ABC.* 43 *Exit Polonius. not in ABC.* 45 *Roſ.* I my Lord. *ABC. Exeunt they two. A Exeunt thoſe two. BC.* 46 howe *A* how *BC* hoe *F.* 48 eene *D.* 49 coap'd *D.* 53 cloathe *B* cloath *CD.* ſhold *D.* flatterd *A* flattred *BC.* 54 lick *BC* like *D.* 55 hindges *AD.* 56 fawning, *C* faining? *D.* Doſt *CD.* heare, *ABCDE.* 57 my choyſe *D.* 58 diſtinguiſh, her election *D.* 59 S'hath *AB* Shath *C* Hath *D.* ſeald *AB.* beene *B* bin *C* bene *D.* 60 ſuffring *A.* 62 Haſt *ABC.* 63 co-mingled *D.* 65 ſtoppe *B.*

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In my hearts core, I, in my heart of heart,
As I doe thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play to night before the king,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee, when thou seest that act a foote,
Even with the very comment of thy soule
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe unkennell in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans stithy; give him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements joyne
In censure of his seeming.
Hor. Well my lord,
If he steale ought the whil'st this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Enter trumpets and kettle drummes, King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the play. I must be idle,
Get you a place.
King. How fares our cosin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent ifaith, of the camelions dish: I eate the ayre, promise-cram'd, you cannot feede capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer Hamlet, these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my lord, you playd once i' th' university, you say?

Pol. That did I my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol, Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. I my lord, they stay upon your patience.

Queene. Come hither my deere Hamlet, sit by me.

71 thee, *D.* 72 foot *CD.* 73 my *(for* thy) *D.* 74 my *ABC.* 75 vnkennill *ABC.* 78 Stythe. *D.* needfull *D.* 81 To *(for* In) *D.* 82 a *(for* he) *ABC.* 83 detected *ABC* detection *F. Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrance, Guildenſterne, and other Lords attendant, with his Guard carrying Torches. Daniſh March. Sound a Flouriſh. F.* 88 feed *CD.* 89 aunſwer *AB.* 91 mine now *AB.* 93 I did *D.* 94 And *not in ABC.* 95 kild *AB.* Capitoll *A** Capitall *AB.* 100 *Ger. (for Queene) ABC.* deare *BCF* good *D.*

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Ham. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractive.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

Oph. No my lord.

Ham. I meane, my head upon your lap?

Oph. I my lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Oph. I thinke nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Oph. What is my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my lord.

Ham. O God, your onely jigge-maker: what should a man doe but be merry, for looke you how cheerefully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two houres.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? nay then let the divell weare blacke, for Ile have a suite of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-live his life halfe a yeere: but byr lady he must builde churches then, or els shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, For o, for o, the hobby-horse is forgot.

The trumpets sound. Dumbe show followes.

Enter a king and a queene very lovingly; the queene embracing him, and he her. She kneeles, and makes shew of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her necke. He layes him downe upon a banke of flowers. She seeing him a sleepe, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crowne, kisses it, and pours poyson in the kings eares, and exits. The queene returnes, findes the king dead, and makes passionate action. The poysoner, with some two or three mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poysoner wooes the queene

101 metall *F.* 102 O, oh *BC* Oh ho *D.* 105 & 106 *not in ABC.* Vpon your lap, what do you *A**. 107 contrary *A**. 109 ly between Maids *D.* 112 merrie *CD.* 117 howres *ABC.* 118 moneths *CD.* 120 dye *D.* 122 memory *B.* ber *(for* byr) *ABCEF.* a *(for* he) *ABC.* 123 build *ABC.* 124 Hoby-horſſe *D. ſounds A. Hoboyes play. The dumbe ſhew enters. D. very lovingly; not in ABC. and he her, not in D. She kneeles — him. not in ABC. He (before layes) not in D. lyes A lies BC (for layes). an other man (for a fellow) ABC. and not in ABC. ſleepers (for kings) ABC. leaues him (for exits) ABC. and not in ABC. three or foure ABC. mutes omitted in ABC. ſeeme to condole ABC.*

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with gifts, she seemes loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.

Oph. What meanes this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching Mallico, it meanes mischiefe.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, the players cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. I, or any show that you will show him. Be not you asham'd to show, hee'l not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the play.

Prol. For us, and for our tragedie,
Heere stooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis breefe my lord.

Ham. As womans love.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus cart gon round
Neptunes salt wash, and Tellus orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moones with borrowed sheene
About the world have times twelve thirties beene,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Unite comutuall in most sacred bands.

Queene. So many journeyes may the sunne and moone
Make us againe count o're ere love be done,
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former state,
That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my lord it nothing must:
For women feare too much, even as they love,
And womens feare and love hold quantity,
In neither ought, or in extremity:

harſh (for loath and unwilling) ABC. his not in ABC. 127 is *omitted in A* tis *B* it is *C.* myching *A** munching *ABC. Malicho D.* that *(for* it) *D.* Miſcheefe *D. Enter Prologue. after l. 128 in ABC, after l. 135 in D.* 129 theſe Fellowes: *D.* 130 counsell *omitted in ABC.* they'le *ABC.* 131 a *ABC* they *D (for* he). 132 you'l *D.* 133 heele *ABC.* 137 ſtowping *A**. 138 Patientlie *D.* 139 Poeſie *D.* 140 briefe *D. Enter King and his Queene. D. Enter the Duke and Dutcheſſe. A**. 142 gone *ABC.* 143 orb'd the *ABC.* 144 doſen *ABC.* 148 *Quee. ABC Bap. D.* iournies *D.* 149 doone *ABC.* 151 our *(for* your) *A.* forme *D.* 154 women — And *not in D.* 155 holds quantitie *D.* 156 Either none, in neither *ABC.*

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Now what my love is, proofe hath made you know,
And as my love is siz'd, my feare is so,
Where love is great, the litlest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great love growes there.
King. Faith I must leave thee love, and shortly to,
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this faire world behind,
Honor'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband shalt thou —
Queene. O confound the rest:
Such love must needes be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.
Ham. That's wormwood.
Queene. The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
A second time I kill my busband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.
King. I doe beleeve you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake:
Purpose is but the slave to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validity,
Which now like fruite unripe sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay our selves what to our selves is debt:
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either griefe, or joy,
Their owne ennactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, griefe doth most lament,
Griefe joyes, joy griefes, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change:
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or els fortune love.
The great man downe, you marke his favourite flies,
The poore advanc'd makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needes, shall never lacke a friend,

157 Lord *(for* love) *ABC.* 158 ciz'd *A.* 159 & 160 *not in D.* 161 too: *D.* 162 my *(for* their) *D.* 166 breſt *BD.* 169 Wormwood, Wormwood. *D.* 174 you. Think *D.* 178 the *(for* like) *ABC.* 184 other Greefe *D.* 185 ennactors *D.* 187 Greefe *ABD.* ioy *(for* joyes) *ABC.* accedent, *ABC.* 192 fauourites *D.* 193 aduanced *BC.* 195 Frend: *D.*

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And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our willes and fates doe so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.
Queene. Nor earth to me give foode, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night:
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blankes the face of joy,
Meete what I would have well, and it destroy:
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If once a widdow, ever I be wife.
Ham If she should breake it now.
King. 'Tis deeply sworne: sweet, leave me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe. *Sleepes*
Queene. Sleepe rocke thy braine,
And never come mischance betweene us twaine. *Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queene. The lady doth protest too much me thinkes.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poyson in jest, no offence i'th'world.

King. What doe you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap: Mary how tropically: this play is the image of a murther done in Vienna: Gonzago is the dukes name, his wife Baptista: you shall see anon, 'tis a knavish peece of worke, but what of that? your majesty, and wee that have free soules, it touches us not: let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

198 begunne *ABC.* 199 runne *ABC.* 200 deuiſes *A.* 204 to giue me *D.* 206 & 207 *not in D.* 211 once I be (bee) *ABC.* 213 heare *BC.* 215 *Sleepes not in ABC.* rock *AB.* 216 betwixt *BC. Exeunt. ABC.* 218 proteſts *(for* doth protest) *A*D.* 225 mary *ABC* Marry *D.* how? *DEF.* 227 anone *B.* 228 o' *(for* of) *D.* 229 ſhall *(for* that) *BCF.* 230 wince *A*.* vnwrong *A* vnrung *D.* 232 are a good Chorus *D.*

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Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come, the croking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,
Considerate season, els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weedes collected,
With Hecats ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholsome life usurpe immediately.

Powres the poyson in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him i'th' garden for his estate: his name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love of Gonzagoes wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Queene. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o're the play.

King. Give me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why let the strucken deere goe weepe,
The hart ungalled play,
For some must watch, while some must sleepe;
Thus runnes the world away.

Would not this sir, and a forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turke with me, with two Provinciall roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a crie of players sir?

Hor. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou dost know oh Damon deere,

234 puppits BC. 236 my D. 238 must take A*. your *not in* D. Begin Murderer D. 239 pox *not in* ABC. croaking D. 242 Conſiderat AB Confederate A*D. 244 bane A*F. inuected A. 246 vſurps A*ABC. *Powres &c. not in* ABC. 247 A (*for* He) ABC. for's D. names ABC. 248 writ D. very *not in* D. 252 *omitted in* ABC. fires? A*. 256 *All.* (*for Pol.*) D. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.* ABC. 257 ſtricken A* ſtrooken A ſtroken BC. 259 whilſt BC. 260 So (*for* Thus) D. 262 two *not in* ABC. prouinciall ABC. 263 rac'd D. cry A city BCF. 264 sir *not in* ABC.

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This realme dismantled was
Of Jove himselfe, and now reignes heere
A very very pajock.

Hor. You might have rim'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, Ile take the ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'st perceive?

Hor. Very well my lord.

Ham. Upon the talke of the poysoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha, come some musick, come the recorders:
For if the king like not the comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come, some musicke.

Enter Rosencrans and Guildensterne.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole historie.

Guil. The king, sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Guil. No my lord, with choller.

Ham. Your wisedom should shewe it selfe more richer to signifie this to the doctor: for, for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guil. Good my lord put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Guil. The queene your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesie is not of the right breede. If it shall please you to make me a wholsome answer, I will doe your mothers command'ment: if not, your pardon and my returne shall be the end of my businesse.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer: my wit's diseas'd, but sir, such answere as I can make, you shall command, or ra-

268 dimantled *BC.* 270 verie Paiocke *D.* 271 rym'd *D.* 273 perceaue *BC.* 277 Oh *D.* 280 *Enter &c. after l. 276 in D.* 285 meruilous *A* meruailous *BC.* diftemper'd *D.* 287 rather with *D.* 289 his *(for* the) *D.* 290 plundge *D.* farre more *D.* 292 ftare *ABC.* wildely *D.* 297 curtefie *AB.* 298 aunfwere *A* aunfwer *B.* 299 commaundement *B.* 300 my *not in ABC.* the *(for* my) *F.* 302 *Rof. (for Guil.) ABC.* 303 anfwere *D.* wits *ABCDE.* 304 anfwer *C* anfwers *D.* commaund *AB.*

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ther as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she sayes: your behaviour hath stroke her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull sonne, that can so astonish a mother! but is there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speake with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And doe still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely barre the doore upon your owne liberty, if you deny your giefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voyce of the king himselfe for your succession in Denmarke.

Ham. I sir, but while the grasse growes, the proverbe is something musty.

Enter the players with recorders.

O the recorders. let me see one, to withdraw with you, why do you goe about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toyle?

Guil. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Beleeve me, I cannot.

Ham. I doe beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying: governe these ventages with your finger and thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musicke. Looke you, these are the stoppes.

305 as *not in D.* therfore *D.* 307 ſtrooke *ABC.* 309 ſtonish *ABC.* 311 impart *not in D.* 317 So I do *D.* 319 freely *(for* surely) *D.* of *(for* upon) *D.* 324 sir *not in D.* 325 *Enter one with a Recorder. D. Enter the players &c. after l. 323 in ABC.* 326 oh *BC.* Recorder. *D.* one *not in D.* 330 vnmannerly *D.* 336 doe *not in BCF.* 338 'Tis *D* Ventiges *D.* 339 fingers, & the vmber *A.* the thumb *BC.* 340 excellent *(for* eloquent) *D.*

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmonie, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me: you would play upon me, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the heart of my mysterie, you would sound mee from my lowest note to the top of my compasse, and there is much musicke, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speake. 'Sblood, do you thinke I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God blesse you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, the queene would speake with you and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camell?

Pol. By th' masse, and 'tis like a camell, indeede.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a wezell.

Pol. It is back'd like a wezell.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by: they foole me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. *Exit.*

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me friends.
'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such bitter businesse as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft, now to my mother:
O heart, loose not thy nature; let not ever
The soule of Nero enter this firme bosome:
Let me be cruell, not unnaturall,
I will speake daggers to her, but use none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words somever she be shent,
To give them seales, never my soule consent. *Exit.*

347 the top of *not in ABC.* 349 Organe *D.* speake *omitted in D.* 350 Why *(for* 'Sblood) *D.* that I am *D.* 351 wil *AB.* you fret me not *ABC.* 355 that *(for* yonder) *D.* 356 like *(for* of) *D.* 357 Miffe *(for* masse) *D.* 358 it's *D.* Weazell *D.* 359 backt *A* black *B.* 362 I will *AB.* 364 *Pol. not in ABC. Exit. not in ABC.* 365 Leave me friends *in ABC after l. 363.* 367 breakes *AB* breaks *C* breaths *DE.* 369 bufines (bufineffe) as the bitter day *ABC.* 374 dagger *ABC.* 376 soever *F.* 377 *Exit. omitted in CDEF.*

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[Scena Tertia.]

Enter King, Rosencrans, and Guildensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madnesse range, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazard so neare us as doth hourely grow
Out of his browes.
Guil. We will our selves provide:
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That live and feede upon your majesty.
Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keepe it selfe from noyance: but much more
That spirit, upon whose weale depends and rests
The lives of many, the cesse of majesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele
Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes, ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adjoyn'd: which when it falles,
Each small annexment, pety consequence
Attends the boystrous ruine. Never alone
Did the king sighe, but with a generall grone.
King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this feare,
Which now goes too free-footed.
Both. We will haste us.
Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mothers closet,
Behind the arras I'le convey my selfe
To heare the processe, I'le warrant shee'le tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,

Scena Tertia. *not in any edition.* 6 Hazerd *AB.* neer's *ABC* dangerous *D.* 7 Lunacies (*for* browes) *D.* 11 peculier *ABC.* 14 ſpirit (*for* weale) *D.* 15 ceaſe *D.* 17 or it is *ABC.* 19 hough *A* hugh *B.* Spoakes *D.* 20 morteiſt *AB.* falls *ABC.* 21 petty *A* petie *C* pettie *D.* 22 raine, (*for* ruine.) *ABC.* 23 ſigh *ABC.* with *omitted in ABC.* growne *BC.* 24 viage, *A* voiage, *BC.* 25 about (*for* upon) *ABC.* 26 *Roſ.* (*for Both.*) *ABC.* 28 conuay *ABC.* 29 here *B.* proſſeſſe *BC.* warnt *F.*

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'Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my liege,
I'le call upon you ere you goe to bed,
And tell you what I knowe. *Exit.*
King. Thankes deere my lord.
O my offence is ranke, it smels to heaven,
It hath the primall eldest curse upon't,
A brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,
And both neglect; what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweete heavens
To wash it white as snow? whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then I'le looke up,
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of prayer
Can serve my turne? Forgive me my foule murther;
That cannot be, since I am still possest
Of those effects for which I did the murther;
My crowne, mine owne ambition, and my queene;
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the lawe; but 'tis not so above,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can, what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosome blacke as death!
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingag'd! Helpe angels, make assay:
Bowe stubborne knees, and heart with strings of steele,

32 parciall *A*. 33 Leige *AB*. 40 entent*AB*. 48 praier *BC*. two folde *A*. 50 pardon *ABC*. 54 affects *BC*. 56 pardoned *BC*. 57 currants *D*. 58 guilded *A* guided *BC*. ſhowe *A* ſhow *BC*. 61 ſhufling *AB*. 62 compeld *AB*. 63 forhead *A*. 69 ingaged *ABC*. Angles *BC*. 70 ſteale *A*.

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Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd: that would be scann'd,
A villaine killes my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send
To heaven.
Oh this is hyre and sallery, not revenge.
He tooke my father grossely, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blowne, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands, who knowes, save heaven:
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage;
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at heaven,
And that his soule may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stayes,
This physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes. *Exit.*

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remaine belowe,
Words without thoughts never to heaven goe. *Exit.*

[Scena Quarta.]

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight: looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes have beene too broad to beare with,

71 ſinnewes *ABC.* 73 it, but now a is a praying *ABC.* 74 a *(for* he) *ABC.* 75 reuendge, *AB* reuenged, *C.* ſcand *AB.* 76 kills *AB* kils *C.* 77 foule *(for* sole) ' . 79 Why, this is baſe and ſilly, not reuendge, *ABC.* 80 A *(for* He) *ABC.* groſly *AC* groſely, *B.* 81 braod *A.* freſh *(for* flush) *D.* 84 reuendged *ABC.* 90 inceſtious *ABC.* 91 game, a *ABC.* acte *D.* 93 heels *A* heele *BC.* 95 ſtaies *AB.* 96 phiſick *A* phiſicke *B* phyſick *C.* daies *AB.* 97 flye *D.* 98 thy thoughts *A.*
Scena Quarta. *not in any edition. Gertrard (for Queene) ABC.* 1 A *(for* He) *ABC.* ſtrait, *ABC.* 2 prancks *AB* pranks *C.* braod *A.*

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And that your grace hath screen'd and stood betweene
Much heate and him. I'le silence me even heere:
Pray you be round with him.
Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.
Queene. Ile warrant you,
Feare me not. Withdrawe, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?
Queene. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queene. Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue.
Ham. Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queene. Why how now Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queene. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No by the rood, not so:
You are the queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.
Queene. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,
You goe not till I set you up a glasse,
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queene. What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.
Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.
Ham. How now, a rat? dead for a ducate, dead.
Killes Polonius.
Pol. O I am slaine.
Queene. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay I knowe not,
Is it the king?
Queene. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.
Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queene. As kill a king?
Ham. I lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger.

3 ſcreened *A.* 4 e'ene *D.* 5 with him *not in ABC.* 6 *not in ABC.* 7 wait *A* waite *BC (for* warrant). 8 *Enter Hamlet. after l. 5 in ABC.* 13 an idle *(for* a wicked) *D.* 18 But would you *D.* 20 budge *F.* 22 moſt *(for* inmost) *ABC.* 24 Helpe how *A* Helpe hoe *BC.* 25 What how (hoe) helpe. *ABC.* 26 Duckat *AB. Killes Polonius. not in ABC.* 32 marrie *CD.* 33 it was *ABC.* 35 Betters *D.*

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Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe,
If damned custome have not braz'd it so,
That it be proofe and bulwark against sense.
Queene. What have I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurres the grace and blush of modestie,
Calls vertue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the faire forhead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As false as dicers oathes. O such a deede,
As from the body of contraction pluckes
The very soule, and sweete religion makes
A rapsody of words; heaven's face doth glowe
Ore this solidity and compound masse,
With heated visage, as against the doome,
Is thought sick at the act.
Queene. Ay me, what act,
That roares so lowde, and thunders in the index.
Ham. Looke heere upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers:
See what a grace was seated on this browe,
Hyperions curles, the front of Jove himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station, like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill:
A combination and a forme indeede,
Where every god did seeme to set his seale,
To give the world assurance of a man,
This was your husband. Looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband, like a mildewed eare,
Blasting his wholsome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this faire mountaine leave to feede,
And batten on this moore? ha, have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,

39 penitrable *A*. 40 braſd *ABC*. 41 is *(for* be) *D*. ſence *ABC*. 42 wag *D*. tong, *D*. 45 Cals *ACD*. hippocrit *A* hipocrit *B*. of *ABC*. 46 forehead *D*. 47 makes *(for* sets) *D*. 49 plucks *A*. 51 rapſedy *A* rapſody *B* rapſidie *D*. dooes *AB*. 52 Yea *(for* Ore) *DEF*. 53 triſtfull *(for* heated) *D*. 54 thought-ſick *B* thought-ſicke *D*. Aye *D*. act? *AB*. 55 *Ham.* That *ABC*. lowd *ACD*. index, *AB*. 57 counterfet *D*. 58 his *(for* this) *BCD*. brow *CD*. 60 threten *B*. or *(for* and) *D*. 62 heaue, a *ABC*. 63 and forme *BC*. 67 Mildew'd *D*. 68 wholſom breath *D*.

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And waites upon the judgement, and what judgement
Would step from this to this? sence sure you have
Els could you not have motion, but sure that sence
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre,
Nor sence to extasie was nere so thral'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choise
To serve in such a difference. What devill was't,
That thus hath cousend you at hoodman blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sence
Could not so mope. O shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matrons bones,
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax,
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsive ardure gives the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actively doth burne.
And reason pardons will.
Queene. O Hamlet, speake no more,
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the ranke sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the nasty stie.
Queene. O speake to me no more,
These words like daggers enter in mine eares,
No more sweete Hamlet.
Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A slave that is not twentith part the kyth
Of your precedent lord, a vice of kings,
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelfe the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket.
Queene. No more.
Enter Ghost.
Ham. A king of shreds and patches.

73 waits *AC.* 77 extacie *AB.* 74—79 sence — difference *not in D.* 80 coſund *A* coſond *BC.* hob-man *A** hodman *ABC.* 81—84 Eyes — mope *not in D.* 87 waxe *D.* 91 As *(for* And) *D.* panders *(for* pardons) *D.* 92 my very eyes into my ſoule *ABC.* 93 greeued *AB* grieued *C (for* grained). 94 will leaue there their *ABC.* 95 inſeemed *A* inceſtuous *BC.* 96 Stewed *ABC.* 98 my *ABC.* 100 twentieth *D.* tythe *(for* kyth) *D.* 105 No more. *omitted in BCF. Enter the ghost in his night gowne. A**.

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Save me and hover o're me with your wings
You heavenly guards: what would your gracious figure?
Queene. Alas he's mad.
Ham. Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That laps't in time and passion, lets goe by
Th'important acting of your dread command?
O say.
Ghost. Doe not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes.
Speake to her Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you lady?
Queene. Alas, how is't with you?
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall aire doe hold discourse,
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peepe,
And as the sleeping souldiers in th'alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start up, and stand an end: o gentle sonne,
Upon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon doe you looke?
Ham. On him, on him: looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conjoyn'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Doe not looke upon me,
Least with this pitteous action you convert
My sterne effects: then what I have to doe
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.
Queene. To whom doe you speake this?
Ham. Doe you see nothing there?
Queene. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Queene. No, nothing but our selves.
Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away:
My father in his habit as he lived,
Looke where he goes even now out at the portall.
Exit Ghost.
Queene. This is the very coynage of your braine,

107 gards *ABC.* you *(for* your) *D.* 116 fighing *(for* fighting) *BC.* 120 doe *omitted in D.* 121 their corporall *D.* 122 peep *ABC.* 123 Soldiours *D.* 124 beaded *BC.* 125 ſtarts *BC.* ſtands *BC.* 126 heat *A.* 127 Sprinckle *AB.* 128 gleres *CF.* 129 conioyned *BC.* 132 ſtearne *AB.* 133 cullour, *A* collour, *B.* 134 who *(for* whom) *D.* 136 is there *BCF.* 140 the habite *A** his habite, *D.*

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This bodilesse creation extasie
Is very cunning in.
Ham. Extasie?
My pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musicke. It is not madnesse
That I have uttred; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reword, which madnesse
Would gambole from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soule,
That not your trespasse, but my madnesse speakes:
It will but skin and filme the ulcerous place,
Whiles ranke corruption mining all within,
Infects unseene: confesse your selfe to heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
And doe not spread the compost on the weedes,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon begge,
Yea curbe and woe for leave to doe him good.
Queene. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.
Ham. O throwe away the worser part of it,
And leave the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but goe not to mine uncles bed,
Assume a vertue, if you have it not,
That monster custome, who all sence doth eate
Of habits devill, is angell yet in this
That to the use of actions faire and good,
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on: refraine to night,
And that shall lend a kind of easinesse
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either the devill, or throwe him out
With wonderous potency. Once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing begge of you. For this same lord
I doe repent; but heaven hath pleas'd it so,

145 Extasie? *not in ABC.* 146 temperatly *ABC.* 148 vttered *D.* 149 I *omitted in ABC.* re-word: *D.* 150 gamboll *D.* 151 a *(for* that) *D.* 154 Whil'ſt *D.* 157 ſpred *D.* or *(for* on) *D.* 158 rancker, *AB* ranke. *D.* 159 this *D.* 160 beg *ABC.* 161 courb, *D.* wooe *ABC.* 163 throw *A*BCD.* 164 liue *D.* 165 my *ABC.* 170 frocke *B.* Liuerie *C.* 171 on to refraine night, *ABC.* 167—171 That monster — put on *wanting in D.* 175 maiſter *B* maſter *C (for* either). 173—176 the next — potency *not in D.*

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To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestowe him, and will answere well
The death I gave him: so againe good night.
I must be cruell, only to be kinde;
Thus bad beginnes, and worse remaines behinde.
One word more good lady.

Queene. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt king tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravell all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, 'twere good you let him knowe.
For who that's but a queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddocke, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in despight of sense and secrecy,
Unpegge the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Queene. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breath
What thou hast sayd to me.

Ham. I must to England, you knowe that.

Queene. Alack,
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two school-fellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must sweepe my way,
And marshall me to knavery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delve one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the moone: O tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete.
This man shall set me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;

184 onely *BCD*. 185 This *(for* Thus) *ABC*. begins *CD*. 186 *not in D*. 188 blunt *(for* blowt) *D*. 192 rouell *ABC*. 194 made *D*. 196 paddack *ABC*. gib *ABC*. 198 dispight *ABC*. 199 Vnpeg *ABC*. 200 flie *C* flye *D*. 204 breathe *F*. 205 said *C* saide *D*. 210 sweep *A*. 208—216 *not in D*.

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Mother good night. Indeede, this counsayler
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

[Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.]

Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencrans and Guildensterne.

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaves,
You must translate; tis fit we understand them.
Where is your sonne?
Queene. Bestow this place on us a little while.
Ah mine owne lord, what have I seene to night?
King. What Gertrude? How dooes Hamlet?
Queene. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier, in his lawlesse fit,
Behinde the arras hearing some thing stirre,
Whips out his rapier, cryes a rat, a rat,
And in this brainish apprehension killes
The unseene good old man.
King. O heavy deede!
It had beene so with us had we beene there:
His liberty is full of threates to all,
To you your selfe, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?
It will be layd to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man; but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease,
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Queene. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madnesse like some ore

221 in's *F.* a moſt fooliſh *ABC.* 223 *Exit Hamlet with the dead body. Enter the King and Lordes. A*. Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius. Enter King. D.*
Actus Quartus. Scena Prima. *not in any edition.* 1 matters *D.* 4 *Ger.* Bestow &c. *ABC, omitted in D.* 5 my good Lord *D.* 7 *Ger. (for Queene) ABC.* Seas, *D.* 10 He whips his Rapier out, and cries *D.* 11 his *(for* this) *D.* 14 threats *CD.* 16 anſwered *DEF.* 17 laide *D.* 22 let's *D.* 25 Oare *D.*

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Among a minerall of mettals base,
Showes it selfe pure, he weepes for what is done.
King. O Gertrude, come away:
The sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But we will shippe him hence, and this vile deede
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Enter Ros. & Guild.
Both countenance and excuse. Ho Guildensterne,
Friends both, goe joyne you with some further ayde:
Hamlet in madnesse hath Polonius slaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he drag'd him.
Goe seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the chappell; I pray you hast in this.
Come Gertrude, wee'le call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe,
And what's untimely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds diameter,
As levell as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poysned shot, may misse our name,
And hit the woundlesse ayre, O come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

[Scena Secunda.]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.
Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.
Ham. But soft, what noise? who calls on Hamlet?
O heere they come.
Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.
Ros. What have you done my lord with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the chappell.
Ham. Doe not beleeve it.
Ros. Beleeve what?

26 Mettels *D.* 27 a *(for* he) *ABC.* 28 O *omitted in BC.* 29 ſun *C* Sun *D.* 30 ſhip *ACD.* vilde *D.* 35 Mother Cloſſets *D.* dreg'd *A.* 37 *Exit Gent. D.* 39 To *(for* And) *D.* 42 blanck *AB.* 43 poyſoned *C.* 41—44 Whose — ayre, *omitted in D.*
Scena Secunda. *not in any edition. Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus, and others. ABC.* 1 ſtowd, but soft, what noyſe, *A.* ſoftly *BC.* 2 *not in ABC.* 3 But soft, *not in D. Enter &c. not in ABC.* 6 Compound *A.* it is *BC.* Kinne *D.*

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Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile, and not mine owne. Besides, to be demanded of a spunge, what replication should be made by the sonne of a king.

Ros. Take you me for a spunge, my lord?

Ham. I sir, that sokes up the kings countenance, his rewards, his authorities, but such officers doe the king best service in the end, he keepes them like an ape in the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed, when he needes what you have glean'd, it is but squeesing you, and spunge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I understand you not my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleepes in a foolish eare.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and goe with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing.

Guil. A thing my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide fox, and all after.
Exeunt.

[Scena Tertia.]

Enter King.

King. I have sent to seeke him, and to find the body:
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
Hee's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes,
And where 'tis so, th'offenders scourge is weigh'd
But never the offence: to beare all smooth and even,
This suddaine sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrans.

How now, what hath befalne?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd my lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

12 Spundge *D.* 17 apple (*for* ape) *ABC.* 29 hide fox &c. *not in ABC.* Scena Tertia. *not in any edition. Enter King, and two or three., ABC.* 4 loued *D.* 6 wayed *ABC.* 7 neerer (*for* never) *D.* 8 fodaine *D.* 10 releeued *D.* 11 *Enter Rosencraus and all the rest. ABC.*

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Ros. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure.
King. Bring him before us.
Ros. Hoa, Guildensterne? bring in the lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildensterne.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper? where?
Ham. Not where he eates, but where he is eaten, a certaine convocation of politique wormes are een at him: your worm is your only emperour for diet. We fat all creatures els to fat us, and we fat our selves for maggots, your fat king and your leane begger is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table, that's the end.
King. Alas, alas.
Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a king, & eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.
King. What dost thou meane by this?
Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a king may goe a progresse through the guts of a begger.
King. Where is Polonius?
Ham. In heaven, send thether to see. If your messenger finde him not there, seeke him i'th'other place your selfe: but if indeed you finde him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe up the staires into the lobby.
King. Goe seeke him there.
Ham. He will stay till you come.
King. Hamlet, this deede for thine especiall safety
Which we doe tender, as we deerely grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fierie quicknesse: therefore prepare thy selfe,
The barke is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th'associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.
Ham. For England?
King. I Hamlet.
Ham. Good.
King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

16 How *A* Hoe *BC* Ho *F.* Guildensterne? *not in ABC.* my *(for* the) *D.* *They enter. (for Enter Hamlet and Guildensterne.) ABC.* 20 a is *ABC.* 21 conuacation *A.* politick *C,* *not in D.* e'ne *D.* 22 worme *ABC.* onely *AD.* Emperor *D.* 23 felfe *D.* Magots. *D.* 24 to *(for* two) *D.* 27 eat *C.* 28 & *omitted in BC.* fed *C.* 26—28 *not in DE.* 31 guttes *C.* 33 thither *D.* 35 but indeed, if *DEF.* within *not in D.* 36 vppe *B.* 38 A *(for* He) *ABC.* ye *D.* 39 deed of thine, for *D.* 40 deerly *C.* 42 With fierie quicknesse: *not in ABC.* 43 Barck *A.* 44 at *(for* is) *D.*

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Ham. I see a cherub that sees them: but come, for England. Farewell deere mother.

King. Thy loving father Hamlet.

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come, for England. *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foote, tempt him with speede abord,
Delay it not, Ile have him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That els leanes on th'affaire, pray you make hast.
And England, if my love thou hold'st at ought,
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to us, thou mayst not coldly set
Our soveraigne processe, which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The present death of Hamlet. Doe it England,
For like the hectique in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me; till I knowe 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my joyes were ne're begun. *Exit.*

[Scena Quarta.]

Enter Fortinbras with an armie.

Fort. Goe captaine, from me greet the Danish king,
Tell him, that by his license, Fortinbrasse
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdome. You know the rendezvous:
If that his majesty would ought with us,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't, my lord.

Fort. Goe softly on. *Exit.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway sir.

50 him *(for* them) *D.* 54 and *not in ABC.* 66 coniuring *D.* 68 Hectick *C* Hecticke *D.* 70 haps *ABC.* will nere begin *AC* beginne *B.* Scena Quarta. *not in any edition. Enter Fortinbraſſe with his Army ouer the ſtage. ABC.* 3 Claimes *(for* Craves) *D.* 4 randeuous, *A* Rendeuous: *D.* 8 ſafely *(for* softly) *D. Exit. not in ABC. Enter Hamlet* — worth. *Exit. not in A*D.* 10 The *B.*

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Ham. How purposd sir I pray you?
Cap. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who commands them sir?
Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbrasse.
Ham. Goes it against the maine of Poland sir,
Or for some frontire?
Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it;
Nor will it yeeld to Norway or the Pole
A rancker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Ham. Why then the Pollacke never will defend it.
Cap. Yes, it is already garisond.
Ham. Two thousand soules, and twenty thousand duckets
Will not debate the question of this straw,
This is th'impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes, and showes no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.
Cap. God buy you sir.
Ros. Wil't please you goe my lord?
Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.
How all occasions doe informe against me,
And spur my dull revenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unusd, now whether it be
Bestiall oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'event,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisdome,
And ever three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
Witnes this army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouthes at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortall, and unsure,

11 propoſd *BC.* 21 Now *(for* Nor) *C.* 22 bee ſould *B.* 28 ſhewes *BC.* 42 quartered *BC.* wiſedom *A.* 45 wil *B.*

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To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then
That have a father kild, a mother staind,
Excytements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the slaine. O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

[Scena Quinta.]

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Queene. I will not speake with her.
Hor. She is importunat, indeede distract,
Her moode will needes be pittied.
Queene. What would she have?
Hor. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's tricks i'th'world, and hems, and beates her heart,
Spurnes enviously at strawes, speakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they ayme at it,
And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
Queene. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill breeding mindes.
Let her come in.
To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is,

60 iminent *ABC.*
Scena Quinta. *not in any edition. Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman. ABC.* 2 & 4 *Gent. (for Hor.) ABC.* importunate *D.* 3 needs *CD.* 5 trickes *D* beats *BCD.* 9 yawne *(for* ayme) *ABC.* 11 as *omitted in BC.* wincks *A* winckes *B* winks *C.* 12 would *(for* might) *D.* 14 *Hora. (for Queene) ABC.* 17 *Enter Ophelia. Quee.* 'To *ABC.*

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Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
So full of artlesse jealousie is guilt,
It spills it selfe in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmarke?
Queene. How now Ophelia?
Oph. How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staffe,
And his sandal shoone.
Queene. Alas sweet lady, what imports this song?
Oph. Say you? nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone lady,
He is dead and gone,
At his head a gras-greene turfe,
At his heeles a stone.
O ho.
Queene. Nay but Ophelia.
Oph. Pray you marke.
White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

Enter King.

Queene. Alas, looke heere my lord.
Oph. Larded with sweet flowers,
Which beweept to the grave did not go
With true love showers.
King. How doe you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God dild you. They say the owle was a bakers daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table.

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray let's have no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this:

To morrow is S. Valentines day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maide at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide,
Never departed more.

21 beautious Maieſtie *A.* 23 *ſhee ſings, A.* 26 Sendall *ABC.* 28 Say you, *ABC.* 29 *Song. ABC.* 31 turph *ABC.* 33 O ho *not in D. Enter King. D.* 38 *Song.* Larded all *ABC.* 39 *bewept D.* ground *(for* grave) *ABC.* 40 *true-loue ſhowres D.* 41 ye *D.* 42 good *(for* God) *ABC.* God yeeld *A**. 46 Pray you *D.* 48 *Song. ABC.* 52 cloſe *ABC.*

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King. Pretty Ophelia.

Oph. Indeede la? without an oath Ile make an end on't,

By gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame,
Young men will doo't, if they come too't,
By Cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha done by yonder sunne
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient, but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should lay him i'th' cold ground: my brother shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile. Come, my coach: good night ladies, good night sweet ladies: good night, good night. *Exit.*

King. Follow her close, give her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs
All from her fathers death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrowes come, they come not single spies,
But in battalians: first, her father slaine,
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent author
Of his owne just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers
For good Polonius death; and we have done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him: poore Ophelia
Divided from her selfe, and her faire judgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on this wonder, keepes himselfe in clowdes,
And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing sticke our person to arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere Gertrude, this,
Like a murdring peece in many places,
Gives me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

57 la? *not in ABC.* 64 (He anſwers.) So *ABC.* ſhould *BC.* a *(for* ha) *ABC.* 65 If *(for* And) *A**. 66 bin this *D.* 68 chuſe *ABC.* would *(for* should) *ABC.* 70 counſell *D.* God *(for* good) *ABC.* 71 *Exit. not in ABC.* 74 death, and now behold, o *ABC.* 75 comes *D.* 76 Battaliaes. *D* [battalions *Quarto 1676.]* 79 Thicke *D.* their *omitted in ABC.* 81 inter *ABC.* 86 Keepes on his wonder *D.* 89 Where in *D.* Beggard *D.* 90 perſons *D.* 92 murdering *D.*

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Enter a messenger.

Queene. Alacke, what noyse is this?
King. Attend,
Where are my Switzers? let them guard the doore.
Whas is the matter?
Mes. Save your selfe, my lord.
The ocean over-peering of his list,
Eates not the flats with more impetuous hast
Then young Laertes, in a riotous head,
Ore-beares your officers: the rabble call him lord,
And as the world were now but to beginne,
Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry choose we, Laertes shall be king,
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king.
Queene. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry.
O this is counter, you false Danish dogges. *A noise within.*
Enter Laertes with others.
King. The doores are broke.
Laer. Where is the king? sirs stand you all without.
All. No, let's come in.
Laer. I pray you give me leave.
All. We will, we will.
Laer. I thanke you: keepe the doore. O thou vile king,
Give me my father.
Queene. Calmely good Laertes.
Laer. That drop of blood that's calme proclames me bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even heere betweene the chast unsmirched browe
Of my true mother.
King. What is the cause Laertes,
That thy rebellion lookes so giant-like?
Let him goe Gertrude, doe not feare our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me Laertes,
Why thou art thus incenst, let him goe Gertrude,
Speake man.

93 *Queene.* Alacke &c. *not in ABC.* 94 Attend, *not in D.* 95 is *(for* are) *A.* Swiffers *ABC.* 98 impitious *A* impittious *D.* hafte *D.* 101 begin *CD.* 104 The *ABC.* 108 *A not in D. with others. not in D.* 110 this *(for* the) *ABC.* King, firs? *D.* 113 vilde *A*D.* 115 thats *AB.* that calmes *D.* proclaimes *BCD.* 117 chafte *D.* vnfmerched *BC.* 122 cannot peepe *BC.*

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Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Queene. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? I'le not be jugled with.
To hell allegiance, vowes, to the blackest devill,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit.
I dare damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'le be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes, I'le husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.
King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere father, is't writ in your revenge,
That soopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?
Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why now you speake
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most sencibly in griefe for it,
It shall as levell to your judgement pierce
As day dooes to your eye.
A noise within. Let her come in.
Enter Ophelia.
Laer. How now, what noise is that?
O heate, drie up my braines, teares seven times salt,
Burne out the sence and vertue of mine eye.
By heaven, thy madnesse shall be payed by weight,
Till our scale turne the beame. O rose of May,
Deere maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia,

126 Where's *D.* 128 Iuggel'd *D.* 129 Allegeance: *D.* 135 world, *D.* 137 The *B.* 139 Fathers death, if writ *D.* 141 loofer *ABCDE.* 144 Politician *(for* pelican) *D.* 148 fencible *B* fenfible *CD.* 149 peare *(for* pierce) *ABC.* 150 *A noyfe within. Enter Ophelia. Laer.* Let her *ABC.* 152 drye *ABC.* feauen *AB.* 154 payd with *ABC.* waight *D.* 155 Tell *A.* turnes *D.*

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O heavens, is't possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him bare-fac'd on the beere,
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:
And in his grave rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well, my dove.

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing a downe a downe, and you call him a downe a. O, how the wheele becomes it? It is the false steward that stole his maisters daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray you love remember: and there is pancies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnesse, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennill for you, and columbines: there's rewe for you, and heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your rewe with a difference. There's a daysie, I would give you some violets, but they wither'd all when my father dyed: they say he made a good end;
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to favour and to prettinesse.

Oph. And will he not come againe,
And will he not come againe,
No, no, he is dead,
Goe to thy death-bed,
He never will come againe.

His beard as white as snow,
All flaxen was his pole:
He is gone, he is gone,

158 a poore *(for* an old) *ABC.* 159—161 *not in ABC.* 162 *Song. ABC.* bare-faſte *A. Beer D.* 163 *omitted in ABC.* 164 *on (for* in) *D. raines D.* 166 Hadſt *ABC.* 168 ſing downe a-downe *D.* 172 you *omitted in D.* 173 Paconcies *D.* 176 Fennell *A*D.* Colembines, *ABC.* Rew *CD.* 177 hearb a grace *A** Herbe-Grace *D.* 178 Sondaies, *AB.* Oh *not in ABC.* may *(for* must) *ABC.* 179 Daſie *ABC.* 180 a *(for* he) *ABC.* 183 Thoughts *A*F.* afflictions *A*ABC.* 185 *Song. ABC.* wil *A.* a *ABC.* 189 *wil D.* 190 beard was as *ABC.* 191 All *omitted in ABC.*

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And we cast away mone,
God a mercy on his soule.
And of all Christian soules, I pray God. God buy you.
Laer. Doe you see this, O God.
King. Laertes, I must commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right: goe but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collaterall hand
They finde us touch'd, we will our kingdome give,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall joyntly labour with your soule
To give it due content.
Laer. Let this be so:
His meanes of death, his obscure buriall,
No trophee, sword, nor hatchment o're his bones,
No noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.
King. So you shall,
And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

[Scena Sexta.]

Enter Horatio with an attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speake with me?
Serv. Saylors sir, they say they have letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in.
I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.
Enter Saylers.
Sayl. God blesse you sir.
Hor. Let him blesse thee to.

194 *Gramercy D.* 195 of *not in BC.* chriſten *A** Chriſtians *ABC.* I pray God. *not in ABC.* buy ye *D. Exeunt Ophelia D.* 196 see *omitted in ABC.* you Gods? *D.* 197 common *D.* 198 deney *B.* 201 colaturall *AB* collaturall *C* Colaterall *D.* 202 find vs toucht *ABC.* 208 funerall (*for* buriall) *ABC.* 209 trophe *A* trophæ *BC* trophey *F.* 210 right (*for* rite) *ABC.* 212 't *not in D.*
Scena Sexta. *not in any edition. Enter Horatio and others. ABC.* 2 *Gent.* Sea-faring men ſir *ABC.* 6 *Enter Saylor. D.* 7 too *D.*

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Sayl. Hee shall sir, and't please him. There's a letter for you sir: it comes from th'embassador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. Horatio, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellowes some meanes to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two dayes old at sea, a pyrat of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding our selves too slow of saile, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them: on the instant they got cleare of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like theeves of mercy, but they knew what they did, I am to doe a good turne for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldest flie death. I have wordes to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosencrans and Guildensterne hold their course for England, of them I have much to tell thee, farewell. He that thou knowest thine,

Hamlet.

Come, I will make you way for these your letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

[Scena Septima.]

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.
Laer. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So criminall and so capitall in nature,

8 A *(for* Hee) *ABC.* 't *omitted in ABC.* 9 came *ABC.* Ambaſſadours *D.* 11 *Reads the Letter. D.* ouer-lookt *ABC.* 13 Pirat *C Pyrate D.* 14 *Chace D.* 15 and *not in D.* 16 cleere *ABC.* 17 *Shippe D.* 18 thieues *A.* 19 good *not in ABC.* 21 ſpeede *A* ſpeed *BC (for* hast). wouldst *BC.* words *BCD.* 22 *your (for* thine) *D.* 23 bord *ABC.* 26 *So (for* He) *ABC.* 28 make *omitted in A* giue *D.* 30 *Exit. D.*
Scena Septima. *not in any edition.* 1 ſeal *D.* 6 proceede *AB.* 7 crimefull, *D.*

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As by your safety, wisdome, all things els,
You mainly were stirr'd up.
King. O for two speciall reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seeme much unsinnow'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queene his mother
Lives almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She's so conjunctive to my life and soule,
That as the starre moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publike count I might not goe,
Is the great love the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gives to graces, so that my arrowes,
Too slightly tymberd for so loved armes,
Would have reverted to my bowe againe,
And not where I had aim'd them.
Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate termes,
Whose worth, if praises may goe backe againe,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my revenge will come.
King. Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,
I lov'd your father, and we love our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine —

Enter a Messenger.

How now? what newes?
Mess. Letters my lord from Hamlet.
This to your majesty, this to the queene.
King. From Hamlet? who brought them?
Mess. Sailers my lord they say, I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them

8 ſafetie (ſafety), greatnes (greatneſſe), wiſdome *ABC*. 9 mainely *A*. 10 vnſinnowed *D*. 11 And *(for* But) *D*. tha'r *ABC*. 14 She is *ABC*. concliue *(for* conjunctive) *ABC*. 17 publique *ABC*. 20 Worke *(for* Would) *ABC*. 21 Gyues *D*. 22 tymbered *B* timbered *C* timbred *D*. loued Arm'd *A* loud a Winde *D*. 23 bow *BCD*. 24 But *(for* And) *ABC*. haue *ABC*. aym'd *AB* arm'd *D*. 25 I haue *C*. 26 deſprat *A* deſperat *B*. 27 Who was *(for* Whose worth) *D*. 30 ſleeps *C*. 32 berd *B*. 34 loued *A*. 35 *Meſſenger with Letters. ABC*. 36 *not in ABC*. 37 Theſe *(for* This) *ABC*. 39 Saylers *AB* Saylors *D*. 40 receiued *ABC*.

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Of him that brought them.
King. Laertes you shall heare them:
Leave us. *Exit Messenger.*
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To morrow shall I begge leave to see your kingly eyes, when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my suddaine, and more strange returne. Hamlet.
What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis Hamlets character. Naked,
And in a postscript heere he sayes alone:
Can you advise me?
Laer. I'm lost in it my lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.
King. If it be so Laertes,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. I my lord,
So you will not o'rerule me to a peace.
King. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to undertake it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my devise,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practise,
And call it accident.
Laer. My lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.
King. It falls right,
You have beene talkt of since your travaile much,
And that in Hamlets hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts

41 Of — brought them. *omitted in D.* 42 *Exit Messenger. not in ABC.* 45 ſhal first *A ſhall (first D.* pardon, there-vnto *ABC. thereunto) D.* 46 *th' Occaſions D.* ſudden *C ſodaine D.* and more strange *not in ABC.* 47 Hamlet *omitted in ABC.* 49 Or *(for* and) *D.* 51 caracter *AB.* 52 says *A.* 53 deuiſe *ABC.* 54 I am *ABC.* 56 shall *omitted in ABC.* 57 diddeſt *D.* 59 I my lord, *not in D.* 60 If ſo you'l *D.* 61 returned *ABC.* 62 the King *(for* checking) *A.* liking not his *BC.* 64 Deuice *D.* 66 winde *BD.* breath *D.* 67 practice *D.* 68 accedent *AB.* 72 qualitie *A.*

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Did not together plucke such envie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.
Laer. What part is that my lord?
King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull too, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse livery that it weares
Then setled age, his sables, and his weedes
Importing health and gravenesse; two months since
Heere was a gentleman of Normandie,
I've seene my selfe, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horsebacke, but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seate,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he beene incorps't and demy-natur'd
With the brave beast, so farre he topt my thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.
Laer. A Norman was't?
King. A Norman.
Laer. Upon my life Lamord.
King. The very same.
Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed,
And gemme of all the nation.
King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cryed out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you; the scrimers of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them; sir this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envie,
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him.
Now out of this.
Laer. What out of this my lord?

74 enuy *B.* 76 fiedge *AB.* 77 ribaud *A.* 78 to *A.* 80 fettled *BC.* weeds *C.* 81 grauenes *AB.* 68—81 My lord — gravenesse *not in D.* 81 monthes *B* moneths *C.* Some two Monthes hence *D.* 82 *Normandy ABD.* 83 I haue *ABC.* 84 ran *(for* can) *D.* 85 into *D.* Seat *D.* 86 dooing *AB.* 87 encorps't *D.* 88 paft *(for* topt) *D.* me *(for* my) *ABC.* 89 forgery *BD.* tricks *ABC.* 92 *Lamound D.* 94 Iem *AB* Iemme *D.* our *(for* the) *D.* 95 mad *D.* 96 maifterly *B.* 98 efpeciall *ABC.* 99 cride *A* cryd *B* cri'd *C.* 100 Scrimures *A.* 100—102 the scrimers — them *not in D.* 103 enuy *ABD.* 104 beg *ABC.* 105 you *(for* him) *ABC.* 106 Why *(for* What) *D.*

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King. Laertes was your father deere to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why aske you this?
King. Not that I thinke you did not love your father,
But that I knowe love is begunne by time,
And that I see in passages of proofe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of weeke or snuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when we would: for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this should is like a spend-thrifts sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th'ulcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you undertake,
To showe your selfe your fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i'th'church.
King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarise;
Revenge should have no bounds: but good Laertes,
Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall knowe you are come home:
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads; he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foiles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a passe of practise,
Requite him for your father.
Laer. I will doo't,
And for that purpose Ile annoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebanke,
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,

111 begun *D*. 115 ſnufe *A*. 117 pleuriſie *F*. 121 accedents *AB*. 122 ſpend-thrift *F*. 123 quicke *B*. 114—123 *wanting in D*. 125 indeede (indeed) your fathers ſonne *ABC*. 128 reuendge *A*. 134 ore (*for* on) *ABC*. 138 vnbaited *D*. pace *ABC*. 139 Requit *D*. 140 that *omitted in A*. the (*for* that) *BCF*. annoynt *AB*. 141 Mountibanck *A* Mountibancke *B*. 142 dip *C* I but dipt *D*.

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Where it drawes blood, no cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all simples that have vertue
Under the moone, can save the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.
King. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and meanes
May fit us to our shape, if this should faile,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assayd; therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proofe: soft, let me see,
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hav't:
When in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calles for drinke, Ile have prepar'd him
A challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

Enter Queene.

Queene. One woe doth tread upon anothers heele,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd Laertes.
Laer. Drown'd! O where?
Queene. There is a willow growes aslant a brooke,
That showes his hore leaves in the glassy streame,
There with fantasticke garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daysies, and long purples
That liberall shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes her coronet weedes
Clambring to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
Fell in the weeping brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up,

146 tutch *AB*. 149 Wey *AB*. 154 did *(for* should) *ABC*. 155 commings *D*. 156 hate, *A* ha't: *D*. 157 hot *CD*. drie *C*. 156 & 157 *one line in ABCDEF*. 158 bowts *D*. the *(for* that) *D*. 159 calls *B* cals *CD*. prefard *A* preferd *BC* prefer'd *F*. 160 the once *BC*. 161 ſtucke *B* tucke *F*. 162 how ſweet Queene. *(for* but stay, what noyse) *D*. 164 they'l *D*. 166 aſcaunt the *ABC*. 167 horry *A* hoary *B* hoarie *C*. glaſſie *D*. 168 Therewith *A* fantaſtique *AB*. make *(for* come) *ABC*. 169 Daiſes *A* daſies *BC*. 170 Shepheards *ABD*. 171 cull-cold *AB* culcold *CF*. 172 cronet *A*. weeds *BCD*. 173 fluer *BC*. 174 the *(for* her) *D*. trophæs *BC* tropheys *F*. 176 Marmaide *A* mermaide- *BC*.

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Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.
Laer. Alas, then is she drown'd?
Queene. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my lord,
I have a speech of fire that faine would blase,
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*
King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will give it start againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

[Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.]

Enter two Clownes.

Clow. Is she to be buried in Christian buriall, that wilfully seekes her owne salvation?

Other. I tell thee she is, therfore make her grave straight, the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, unlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clow. It must be *se offendendo,* it cannot be els: for heere lies the point; if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man delver.

Clow. Give me leave; heere lies the water, good: heere

177 laudes *AB* lauds *C* (*for* tunes). 179 indewed *ABC*. 181 her (*for* their) *D*. 182 wench (*for* wretch) *BCF*. buy, (*for* lay) *D*. 183 ſhe is *A*. 190 a (*for* of) *ABCF*. blaze *D*. 191 drownes (*for* doubts) *ABCEF*. Actus &c. *not in any edition*. 1 when ſhe (*for* that) *ABC*. 3 and therefore *D*. 5 drown'd *ABC*. 8 ſo offended *ABC*. 10 an Act (*for* to act,) *D*. 11 and to performe *D*. or all; (*for* argall) *ABC*. 13 here *ABC*.

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stands the man, good; if the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him & drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clow. I marry is't, crowners quest law.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou say'st, and the more pitty that great folke should have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselves, more then their even Christen. Come, my spade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adams profession.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. He was the first that ever bore armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clow. What, art a heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes Adam dig'd; could hee digge without armes? Ile put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Other. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Other. The gallowes maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes does well; but how does it well? It does well to those that doe ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the church: argall, the gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. Who buildes stronger then a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

Clow. I, tell me that, and unyoke.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clow. Too't.

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull

21 an't, *ABC*. 22 a *(for* of) *ABC*. 24 ſayſt *ABC*. 25 countnaunce *A*. 26 Chriſtian *D*. 27 auncient *AB*. Gardiners *D*. 30 A *(for* He) *ABC*. 31—34 Why — armes? *omitted in ABC*. 37 too *D*. 40 frame *not in ABC*. 41 tennants *B*. 52 *Enter &c. not in ABC*.

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asse will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are askt this question next, say a grave-maker: the houses he makes lasts till doomesday. Goe, get thee in, and fetch me a stoupe of liquor.

Sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Me thought it was very sweete:
To contract o the time for a my behove,
O me thought there a was nothing a meete.

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his businesse, that he sings in grave-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of easinesse.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little imploiment hath the daintier sense.

Clow. sings. But age with his stealing steppes
Hath caught me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were Caines jawbone, that did the first murther: this might be the pate of a pollitician, which this asse now ore-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord, how dost thou good lord? This might be my lord such a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse, when he meant to begge it, might it not?

Hor. I, my lord.

Ham. Why e'en so: and now my Lady Wormes, chaplesse, and knockt about the mazer with a sextons spade; heere's fine revolution, and we had the tricke to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggets with them? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. sings. A pickax and a spade, a spade,

56 that he *D.* laſt *B.* tell *B* tel *C.* get thee to *Yaughan,* fetch *D.* 57 ſoope *ABC* ſtoape *E.* liquer *ABC.* *Song. ABC.* 61 there was nothing meete *D.* *Enter Hamlet and Horatio. ABC.* 62 buſines? a *ABC.* 63 at *(for* in) *D.* 67 *Song. ABC.* 68 clawed *(for* caught) *ABC.* 69 *intill D.* 71 Scull *D.* 72 joles *A*.* th' grownd *D.* twere *ABC.* 73 murder *ABC.* It *(for* this) *D.* 74 Polititian *D.* now *omitted in D.* o're Offices: *D.* 75 could *(for* would) *D.* 77 my *(for* sweet) *BC.* 78 ſweet *(for* good) *ABC.* 79 prais'd *D.* a *(for* he) *ABC.* 80 went *A* ment *B.* 82 Choples *ABC.* 83 maſſené *A* Mazard *D.* Sextens *ABC.* 84 if *(for* and) *D.* trick *B.* 85 loggits *ABC.* 86 with 'em *D.* 87 *Song: ABC. Pickhaxe D.*

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For and a shrowding-sheete:
O a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meete.

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his trickes? why dooes he suffer this rude knave now to knocke him about the sconce with a dirty shovell, and will not tell him of his action of battery? hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lye in this boxe; and must the inheritor himselfe have no more? ha.

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my lord, and of calve-skinnes too.

Ham. They are sheepe and calves which seeke out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow. Whose grave's this sirra?

Clow. Mine sir:

O a pit of clay for to be made,
For such a guest is meete.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou liest in't.

Clow. You lie out on't sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I doe not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clow. 'Tis a quicke lye sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

88 ſheet, *ABC.* 91 might (*for* may) *D.* 92 Quiddits *D.* quillites *A* quillities *BC.* 93 tenurs *AB.* tricks *AD.* madde *A* mad *BC* (*for* rude). 94 durtie *A* durty *B.* 95 actions *CF.* 97 Statuts *A.* 98—99 is this — recoveries, *omitted in ABC.* 99 durt *AB.* 100 his (*before* vouchers) *omitted in ABC.* 101 doubles then *ABC.* 102 ſcarcely (*for* hardly) *ABC.* 103 box, *ABC.* th' *ABC.* 106 ſheepe- *ABC.* 107 to *A.* 108 that (*for* which) *D.* 110 Sir (*for* sirra) *D.* 112 or (*for* O) *ABC.* 113 *omitted in ABC.* 114 be *omitted in C.* 115 tis *ABC.* 116 and *not in ABC.* 117 'tis *D.*

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Clow. One that was a woman sir; but rest her soule, shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is? we must speake by the card, or equivocation will undoe us. By the Lord Horatio, these three yeares I have taken note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pesant comes so neere the heele of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

Clow. Of all the dayes i'th'yeare, I came too't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbrasse.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was borne, he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clow. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or if he doe not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. 'Twill not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith e'ene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: I have been sexten heere, man and boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th'earth ere he rot?

Clow. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pockie corses now adaies, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A tanner will last you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his trade, that he will keepe out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your horson dead body. Heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth three & twenty yeares.

128 is, *ABC.* 129 Carde *D.* 130 this *ABCF.* yeeres *A.* tooke *AB* took *C.* 131 coms *A.* 132 heeles *D.* our *(for* the) *D.* 133 a *not in A.* 134 all *not in ABC.* yere *A.* 135 o'recame *D.* 138 that *(for* the) *ABC.* was *(for* is) *D.* 141 & 142 a *(for* he) *ABC.* 142 it's *D.* 144 him there, there the are men *B* him there, there are men *CF* him, there the men *D.* 151 ſexton *BC* ſixeteene *D.* 154 Fayth *A* Faith *BC.* a *(for* he) *ABC.* 155 pocky Coarſes *D.* now adaies *not in ABC.* 156 a *(for* he) *ABC.* yeere *A.* 159 a *(for* he) *ABC.* 161 whorſon *ABC.* 162 now: this Scul, has laine in the *D.* 23. *ABF.* twenty three *C.*

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was; whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, a pourd a flagon of Renish on my head once. This same skull sir, was Yoricks skull, the kings jester.

Ham. This?

Clow. E'ene that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poore Yorick, I knew him Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancie, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is, my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lippes that I have kist I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gamboles? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a rore? not one now to mocke your owne grinning? quite chopfalne? Now get you to my ladies chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this favour she must come, make her laugh at that. Prethee Horatio tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my lord?

Ham. Dost thou thinke Alexander lookt o'this fashion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'ene so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah.

Hor. E'ene so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may returne Horatio? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bunghole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot, but to follow him thether with modestie enough, and likelihood to leade it; as thus. Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make lome; and why of that lome whereto he was converted, might they not stoppe a beere-barrell?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,

164 whoreſon *D.* 167 madde *A.* 168 Flaggon *D.* This ſame Scull Sir, this ſame Scull ſir, *D.* 169 ſir *Yoricks ABC.* 171 Een *ABC.* 172 Let me see. *not in ABC.* 174 bore *ABC.* And how abhorred my Imagination is, *D.* 177 Iibes *D.* Gambals *D.* 179 roare, *ABC.* No one *D.* Ieering *(for* grinning) *D.* 180 table *(for* chamber) *ABCF.* 185 a *(for* o') *ABC.* 188 Puh *D.* 192 a *(for* he) *ABC.* 193 conſider: to *D.* 195 as thus. *omitted in ABCF.* 197 into *(for* to) *D.* 199 Beare- *AB.* 200 Imperiall *D.*

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Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O, that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the winters flaw.
But soft, but soft, aside; here comes the king,
Enter King, Queene, Laertes and the corse.
The queene, the courtiers. Who is this they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The corse they follow, did with desprate hand,
Foredoo it owne life; 'twas of some estate.
Couch we a while, and marke.
Laer. What ceremonie els?
Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth, marke.
Laer. What ceremonie els?
Priest. Her obsequies have been as farre inlarg'd
As we have warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command o're-swayes the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Shardes, flints, and peebles, should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.
Laer. Must there no more be done?
Priest. No more be done:
We should prophane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.
Laer. Lay her i'th'earth,
And from her faire and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring. I tell thee churlish priest,
A ministring angell shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.
Ham. What, the faire Ophelia?
Queene. Sweets to the sweet, farewell.
I hop'd thou should'st have been my Hamlets wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to have deckt sweet maide,
And not have strew'd thy grave.
Laer. O treble woe

203 waters *(for* winters) *ABC.* 204 a while, *(for* aside) *ABC. Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant. D.* 205 that *(for* this) *D.* thay *A.* 207 defprat *AB* difperate *D.* 208 its *F.* of *omitted in D.* 213 & 222 *Doct. (for Priest.) ABC.* 214 warranty *BC* warrantis *D.* 216 been *A* beene *B* bin *CF (for* have). 217 praier *D.* 218 Shardes, *omitted in ABC.* pebbles *F.* 219 allowed *D.* Rites *(for* crants) *DEF.* 224 fage *(for* a) *D.* 231 hop't *ABC.* 233 t'haue *D.* trebble *BC* terrible woer, *D.*

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Fall ten times trebble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious sence
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes;
Leaps in the grave.
Now pile your dust upon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you have made,
To'retop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blew Olympus.
Ham. What is he, whose griefe
Beares such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandring starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.
Laer. The devill take thy soule.
Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I prethee take thy fingers from my throat;
For though I am not spleenitive, and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisedome feare; hold off thy hand.
King. Plucke them a sunder.
Queene. Hamlet, Hamlet.
All. Gentlemen.
Hor. Good my lord be quiet.
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Untill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.
Queene. O my sonne, what theame?
Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.
King. O he is mad Laertes.
Queene. For love of God forbeare him.
Ham. 'Swounds show me what thou'lt doe:
Woo't weepe? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't teare thy selfe?
Woo't drinke up esill, eate a crocodile?
Ile doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.

234 tenne *AB.* double *(for* trebble) *ABCF.* 236 Depriued *ABC.* 237 *Leaps &c. not in ABC.* 240 To o're top *D.* ſkyeſh *ABC.* 241 griefes *D.* 243 Coniure *D.* 244 tis *BCF. Hamlet leapes in after Leartes A*.* 248 Sir *(for* For) *D.* ſpleenatiue *BCD.* and *omitted in ABC.* 249 ſomething in me *D.* 250 wiſeneſſe *D.* Away *(for* hold off) *D.* 253 *not in D.* 254 *Gen. (for Hor.) D.* 255 theame *ABC.* 258 loued *A.* 263 Come *(for* 'Swounds) *D.* th'owt *A* th'out *BC* thou't *F.* 264 Wilt *A*.* woo't fast? *omitted in D.* 265 *Eſile D* veſſels *A*.* Crocadile *ABC.* 266 thou *omitted in ABC.*

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And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouthe,
Ile rant as well as thou.
Queene. This is mere madnesse,
And thus a while the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden cuplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.
Ham. Heare you sir:
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter:
Let Hercules himselfe doe what he may,
The cat will mew, and dogge will have his day. *Exit.*
King. I pray you good Horatio waite upon him,
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Wee'l put the matter to the present push:
Good Gertrude set some watch over your sonne,
This grave shall have a living monument:
An houre of quiet thereby shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

[Scena Secunda.]

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this sir; now shall you see the other,
You doe remember all the circumstance?
Hor. Remember it my lord?
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilboes, rashly,
And praysd be rashnesse for it: let us knowe,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deepe plots doe fall, and that should learne us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,

270 Akers *D.* 272 mouth *BCD.* 273 *King. (for Queene) A*DE.* meere *BCD.* 274 this *(for* thus) *ABC.* 275 a *(for* the) *CF.* doe *(for* dove) *BCF.* 276 Cuplet *D.* difclofed *ABC.* 281 a *(for* and) *BCF. Exit Hamlet and Horatio. ABCF.* 282 thee *(for* you) *ABC.* 283 you *(for* your) *D.* 287 thirtie *A* fhortly *D (for* thereby). 288 Tell *BC.*
Scena Secunda. *not in any edition.* 1 let me *(for* shall you) *D.* 5 my *(for* me) *A.* 6 bilbo *A* bilbo's *BC.* 7 praife *D.* 8 fometime *B.* 9 deare *(for* deepe) *D.* pall *A* paule *D (for* fall). teach *(for* learne) *D.*

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Rough-hew them how we will.
Hor. That is most certaine.
Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold
(My feares forgetting manners) to unseale
Their grand commission, where I found Horatio,
Oh royall knavery, an exact command,
Larded with many severall sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmarkes health, and Englands to,
With hoo, such bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the supervise no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.
Hor. Is't possible?
Ham. Here's the commission, read it at more leasure:
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed?
Hor. I beseech you.
Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
Ere I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play. I sat me downe,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our statists doe,
A basenesse to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but sir now
It did me yeomans service: wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?
Hor. I, good my lord.
Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithfull tributary,
As love betweene them like the palme might florish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare,
And stand a comma 'tweene their amities,
And many such like assis of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or lesse,
He should the bearers put to sodaine death,

14 Gropt *ABC.* 15 Fingard *ABC.* 17 vnfold (*for* unseale) *ABC.* 18 graund *ABC.* 19 A (*for* Oh) *ABC.* 20 reaſon; *D.* 21 too *D.* 22 hoe *ABC.* 25 ſtrooke *ABC.* 26 leyſure *D.* 27 me (*for* now) *D.* 30 Or (*for* Ere) *ABC.* 31 begun *D.* ſate *DEF.* 32 Deuiſed *A.* 34 laboured *D.* 36 yemans *AB.* 37 The effects *D.* 40 them, as *D.* ſhould flouriſh *D.* 43 like, as ſir *ABC.* 44 know (*for* knowing) *D.* 46 thoſe (*for* the) *ABC.*

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Not shriving time alow'd.
Hor. How was this seal'd?
Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my fathers signet in my purse,
Which was the modell of that Danish seale:
Folded the writ up in the forme of th'other,
Subscrib'd it, gav't th'impression, plac'd it safely,
The changeling never knowne: now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.
Hor. So Guildensterne and Rosencrans goe too't.
Ham. Why man, they did make love to this imployment
They are not neere my conscience; their defeat
Doth by their owne insinuation growe:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.
Hor. Why, what a king is this!
Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now upon,
He that hath kil'd my king, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cosenage, is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arme? and is't not to be damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evill.
Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.
Ham. It will be short, the interim's mine,
And a mans life's no more then to say one:
But I am very sorry good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his; Ile count his favours:
But sure the bravery of his griefe did put me
Into a towring passion.
Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Osricke.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmarke.

47 allowed *D.* 48 ordinate *D.* 50 modill *A.* 51 in forme *D.* the *D.* 52 Subſcribe *A* 53 changling *ABC.* 54 ſement, (*for* sequent) *D.* 55 knoweſt *ABC.* 57 *not in ABC.* 58 debate (*for* defeat) *D.* 59 Dooes *AB* Does *C.* inſinnuation *A* inſinution *BC.* 61 incenced *ABC.* 63 not thinke thee *AB* think *C.* vppon? *ABC.* 65 the *B.* 67 cuſnage, *A* coſnage, *BC* coozenage; *D* cozenage; *E.* 67 conſcience? *ABC.* 68 his (*for* this) *E.* 68—80 *omitted in ABC.* 80 *a Courtier (for young Osricke) ABC.*

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Ham. I humbly thanke you sir. Dost know this waterflie?

Hor. No my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the kings messe; 'tis a chough, but as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweete lord, if your lordshippe were at leasure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it sir with all diligence of spirit; put your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thanke your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, beleeve me, 'tis very cold, the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold my lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very soultry, and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my lord, his majesty bad me signifie to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Osr. Nay, good my lord for mine ease in good faith: sir, here is newly come to court Laertes, beleeve me an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeede to speake feelingly of him, he is the card or kalender of gentry: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to divide him inventorially, would dizzie th'arithmetick of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick saile, but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true dixion of him, his semblable is his mirrour, and who els would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy sir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir.

82 humble *A.* water-fly *AB.* 84 gratious *B.* 85 fertill: *ABC.* 87 ſaw *(for* say,) *D.* 88 friendſhip *(for* lordshippe) *D.* 90 sir *not in D.* dilligence *ABC.* 91 put *omitted in ABC.* 92 'tis *DEF.* 95 But yet *not in D.* ſully *A.* hot, or *ABC.* 96 complection *A.* 97 ſoultery *A* ſwoltery *A*.* 98 but *not in ABC.* 99 a *(for* he) *ABC.* layed *ABC.* 102 in good faith, *(for* good my lord) *D.* my *ABC.* 104 ful *A.* 105 ſellingly *(for* feelingly) *A.* 109 deuide *ABC.* doſie *A.* 110 raw *(for* yaw) *BCF.*

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Hor. Ist not possible to understand in another tongue, you will doo't sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes.

Hor. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approove me, well sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man well, were to knowe himselfe.

Osr. I meane sir for his weapon, but in the imputation layd on him by them in his meed, hee's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but well.

Osr. The king sir hath wag'd with him six Barbary horses, against the which he has impaund as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so: three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more german to the matter if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then; but on, six Barbary horses against six French swords their assignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish; why is this all impon'd as you call it?

Osr. The king sir, hath laid sir, that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceede you

121 too't *(for* doo't) *A.* 103 — 129 *wanting in DE.* 130 not *omitted in BC.* is at his weapon. *D.* 132 wel *A.* 134 this *(for* his) *ABC.* 135 laide *A.* 131—135 *not in DE.* 139 The ſir King ha's *D.* wagerd *ABC.* 140 he impon'd *D.* ſixe *D.* 141 Poynards *ABC.* 142 Hangers or ſo *D.* cariages *B.* 146—147 *not in D.* 148 carriage *ABC.* 149 Ierman *A* Germaine *D* Germane *E.* 150 a cannon *AB.* might *omitted in A.* it be might *B*.* 153 but *(for* bet) *D.* 154 all *not in D.* impon'd as *omitted in ABC.* 155 ſir, *(after* laid) *not in D.* 156 your ſelfe *(for* you) *ABC.*

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three hits; he hath layd on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your lordshippe would vouchsafe the answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Osr. I meane my lord, the opposition of your person in triall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the hall; if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foiles be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can: if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordshippe.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hor. This lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did complie with his dugge before hee suck't it: thus has he and many more of the same breede that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Ostricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they followe the kings pleasure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queene, and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queene desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

157 layd *omitted in D.* one *(for* on) *D.* mine *(for* nine) *D.* that *(for* it) *D.* 163 'tis *D.* 165 if *(for* and) *D.* Ile *D.* 167 redeliuer *D.* ee'n ſo *D.* 171 Yours doo's *ABC.* 172 for his *CF.* tongue *(for* turne) *D.* 174 A did ſir with *A* A did ſo ſir with *BCF.* a *(for* hee) *ABCF.* 175 had *DE.* mine *D* nine *E (for* many). Beauy *D* Beavy *E (for* breede). 177 out of an *(for* outward) *ABC.* incounter *ABC.* hiſty *A* miſty *B* miſtie *C.* 178 prophane *AB* profane *CF (for* fond). 179 trennowed *A* trennowned *BCF (for* winnowed). tryalls: *D.* 191 goe *(for* fall) *BC.* 181—192 *not in D.*

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Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I have bene in continuall practise; I shall winne at the oddes: but thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey it. I will fore-stall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie augurie; there is a speciall pro-vidence in the fall of a sparrowe. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no man of ought he leaves, knowes what is't to leave betimes? let be.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with foyles, and gauntlets, a table and flagons of wine on it.

King. Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon sir, I've done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman.
This presence knowes,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punisht
With sore distraction: what I have done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclame was madnesse:
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? never Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himselfe be tane away,
And when he's not himselfe, dooes wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it:
Who does it then? his madnesse. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd,
His madnesse is poore Hamlets enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,

193 this wager, *not in ABC.* 196 ods; *AB.* but *omitted in ABC.* wouldeſt *D.* all *(for* ill all's) *D.* 199 gamgiuing *A* game-giuing *BCF.* 201 it *not in D.* ſhall *(for* will) *C.* forſtal *A.* 203 augury *ABD.* there's *D* a *omitted in ABC.* 204 now *omitted in ABC.* 206 well *A.* man ha's ought of what he *D.* 207 leaues. What *D.* betimes, *ABC.* let be. *not in D. A table prepard (prepared), Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cuſhions, King, Queene, and all the ſtate, Foiles, daggers, and Laertes. ABC.* 209 I haue *ABC.* 210 & 211 *one line in ABCF.* 213 With a ſore *ABC.* 215 heare *A.* proclaime *BCD.* 216 & 221 wronged *ABC.* 218 doo's *B* doe's *C* do's *D.* 223 *not in ABC.*

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That I have shot mine arrowe o're the house,
And hurt my brother.
Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most
To my revenge, but in my termes of honor
I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder maisters of knowne honor
I have a voyce and president of peace
To keepe my name ungor'd: but all that time
I doe receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.
Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brothers wager frankly play.
Give us the foiles: come on.
Laer. Come, one for me.
Ham. Ile be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th' darkest night,
Sticke fiery of indeede.
Laer. You mocke me sir.
Ham. No by this hand.
King. Give them the foiles young Osricke, cosin Hamlet,
You knowe the wager.
Ham. Very well my lord,
Your grace hath laid the oddes a'th' weaker side.
King. I doe not feare it, I have seene you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore oddes.
Laer. This is to heavy, let me see another.
Ham. This likes me well, these foiles have all a length.
Prepare to play.
Osr. I my good lord.
King. Set me the stoopes of wine upon that table:
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answere of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire,
The king shall drinke to Hamlets better breath,
And in the cup an union shall he throwe,
Richer then that, which foure successive kings
In Denmarkes crowne have worne. Give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,

226 my *ABC.* 227 Mother *(for* brother) *D.* 233 keepe *omitted in ABC.* vngorg'd. *D.* till *(for* all) *D.* 235 I do embrace *D.* 236 franckly *AB* frankely *D.* 237 come on *not in ABC.* 240 off *D.* 242 *Ofstricke ABC.* 244 has *ABC.* 246 better *ABC.* 247 too *DEF.* 248 *Prepare to play. not in ABC.* 250 ſtoops *CF* Stopes *DE.* the *(for* that) *BCF.* 253 Ordinance *D.* 255 Vnice *A* Onixe *B* Onix *C* Onyx *F.* 258 Trumpets *D.*

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The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the king drinkes to Hamlet. Come, beginne,
And you the judges beare a wary eye. *Trumpets the while.*
Ham. Come on sir.
Laer. Come my lord. *They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgement.
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well, againe.
King. Stay, give me drinke. Hamlet, this pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health: give him the cup.
Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.
Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while.
Come, another hit; what say you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I doe confesse.
King. Our sonne shall winne.
Queene. He's fat, and scant of breath.
Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,
The queene carowses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Ham. Good madam.
King. Gertrude, doe not drinke.
Queene. I will my lord; I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyson'd cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet madam, by and by.
Queene. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I doe not think't.
Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.
Ham. Come for the third Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you passe with your best violence,
I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so? come on. *Play.*
Osr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
In scuffling they change rapiers.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.

260 heauen to *AB**DE*. 262 *Trumpets &c. not in D.* 263 *Laer.* Come on ſir. *D. They play. not in ABC. Drum, trumpets and ſhot. Floriſh, a peece goes off. after l. 264 in ABC.* 267 it *omitted in D.* 269 A touch, a touch, *not in ABC.* confeſt *ABC.* 271 Heere's a Napkin, *D.* 275 poyſned *ABC.* 279 it is *ABC.* againſt *ABC.* 280 you doe but *ABC.* 282 ſure *(for* affear'd) *ABC.* 283 *Play. not in ABC.* 285 *In scuffling &c. not in ABC.* incenſt *ABC.*

Ham. Nay come, againe.
Osr. Looke to the queene there ho.
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it my lord?
Osr. How is't Laertes?
Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne springe, Osricke,
I am justly kill'd with mine owne treachery.
Ham. How does the queene?
King. She sounds to see them bleede.
Queene. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, o my deere Hamlet,
The drinke, the drinke, I am poyson'd.
Ham. O villanie! ho let the doore be lock'd,
Treacherie, seeke it out.
Laer. It is heere Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slaine,
No medicine in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houre of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foule practise
Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe, heere I lie,
Never to rise againe: thy mother's poyson'd:
I can no more, the king, the king's too blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too, then venom to thy worke.
Hurts the King.
All. Treason, treason.
King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Heere thou incestuous, murdrous, damned Dane,
Drinke off this potion: is thy union heere?
Follow my mother. *King dyes.*
Laer. He is justly serv'd,
It is a poyson temperd by himselfe:
Exchange forgivenesse with me, noble Hamlet;
Mine and my fathers death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead Horatio, wretched queene adiew.
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time, as this fell sergeant death
Is strict in his arrest, o I could tell you,

286 howe *A* hoe *BC* hoa *DE*. 287 is't *D*. 289 owne *omitted in D*. ſprindge *ABD*. 291 ſwounes *F*. 294 villaine, *AC* Villany! *D*. how *A* hoe *BC* How? *DE*. 296 Hamlet. *omitted in ABC*. 297 medcin *AB* medecine *C*. 298 houres life, *ABC*. 299 my *(for* thy) *ABC*. 303 am *(for* can) *CF*. 304 inuenom'd *A*. to *(for* too) *ABC*. *Hurts the King. not in ABC*. 307 murdrous, *omitted in ABC*. 308 of *ABC*. the Onixe *ABC*. 309 *King dyes. not in ABC*. ſerued *ABC*. 310 temp'red *D*. 313 *Dyes. not in ABC*.

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But let it be; Horatio, I am dead,
Thou liv'st, report me and my cause a right
To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never beleeve it;
I am more an antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man,
Give me the cup, let goe, by heaven Ile have't.
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknowne, shall I leave behind me.
If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine,
To tell my storie. *March a farre off, and shout within.*
What warlike noise is this?
Enter Osricke.
Osr. Young Fortinbrasse, with conquest come from Poland,
To th'embassadors of England gives
This warlike volly.
Ham. O I die Horatio:
The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot live to heare the newes from England,
But I doe prophesie th'election lights
On Fortinbrasse, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him, with th'occurrents more and lesse,
Which have solicited, the rest is silence. *Dyes*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart: good night sweete prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.
Why dooes the drumme come hither?
Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with drumme, colours, and attendants.
Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it ye would see?
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry cries on havock. O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast strooke?

321 liueſt *ABC.* aright *BC.* cauſes right *D.* 323 anticke *A* antique *F.* 324 liquer *A.* 325 hate, *ABC* hav't, *F.* 326 god *A* God *BC.* 327 ſhall liue *D.* 331 *A march ABC. and shout within not in ABC. Oſrick ABC.* 335 ore-growes *BC.* 339 the *D.* occurrants *AC* occurants *B.* 340 ſilence. O, o, o, o. *D. Dyes not in ABC.* 341 cracke *D.* 342 ſinge *BC.* 343 *Enter Fortenbraſſe (Fortinbraſſe), with the Embaſſadors. ABC.* 344 you *ABC.* 346 His *(for* This) *D.* hauocke *D.* 347 infernall *F.* 348 ſhoote, *D.*

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Amb. The sight is dismall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are senselesse that should give us hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrans and Guildensterne are dead:
Where should we have our thankes?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you:
He never gave command'ment for their death;
But since so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Pollack warres, and you from England
Are heere arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about; so shall you heare
Of carnall, bloody, and unnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, casuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on th'inventors heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.
Fort. Let us hast to heare it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrowe I embrace my fortune,
I have some rights of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to clame my vantage doth invite me.
Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speake,
And from his mouth, whose voyce will drawe on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while mens mindes are wilde, least more mischance
On plots and errors happen.
Fort. Let foure captaines
Beare Hamlet like a soldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To have prov'd most royall; and for his passage,
The souldiers musicke and the rites of warre
Speake loudly for him.
Take up the bodies; such a sight as this

352 commandement *BC.* fulfild *A.* 356 commandement *ABC.* 357 iumpe *D.* 358 *Pollock BC* Polake *D.* 361 th' *D. omitted in A.* 363 cruell *(for* carnall) *BCF.* 365 for no *(for* forc'd) *ABC.* 367 the *BCD.* inuenters *ABC.* 371 Rites *(for* rights) *D.* to *(for* in) *A*.* 372 are *(for* now) *D.* claime *BD* cleime *C.* 373 alwayes *(for* also) *D.* 374 no *(for* on) *ABC.* 376 whiles *D.* Left *D.* 380 prooued *ABC.* royally: *D.* 381 right *(for* rites) *ABC.* 383 body *D.*

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Becomes the field, but heere showes much amisse.
Goe, bid the souldiers shoote.

Exeunt marching: after the which, a peale of ordenance are shot off.

FINIS.

384 amis *D.* 385 *marching &c. not in ABC.*

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NOTES.

Act. I. Sc. 1. L. 23. If it had not been my purpose to follow the original copies in every particular, I would have printed "him, along".

L. 60. "sleaded (sledded)" may be a mistake, but "pollax" is certainly not.

L. 90. That "comart" is a misprint I make no doubt; perhaps the quarto of 1676 has hit right in reading "compact".

L. 114. A line is probably lost here.

L. 124. *ABC* have the stage-direction "*It spreads his armes*".

L. 158. "dare" is the genuine pret. pres. form, still usual in Shakespeare's time; "dares" the product of a later time ignorant of its nature.

L. 164. Warburton observes, The old quarto has it better "eastward"; to which Steevens replies, The superiority of the latter of these readings is not, to me at least, very apparent. I find the former used in Lingua &c. 1607:

— — and overclimbs
Yonder gilt eastern hills.

Again, in Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, book IV, sat. IV, p. 75, edit 1616:

And ere the sunne had clymb'd the eastern hills.

Again, in Chapman's version of the thirteenth book of Homer's Odyssey:

— — — — Ulysses still
An eye directed to the eastern hill.

Sc. 2. L. 38. The poet should have written allows. Many writers fall into this error, when a plural noun immediately precedes the verb. Malone. Surely, all such defects in our author were merely the errors of illiterate transcribers or printers. Steevens. If these critics had known the grammar of the 16th century, they would have been aware, that Shakespeare was perfectly right in using the subjunctive here.

L. 39. Perhaps "commend your service": at any rate, "duty" is wrong. S. Walker, Crit. Exam. 1, 277.

L. 67. "sonne" is certainly a misprint for "sunne". Farmer questions whether a quibble between sun and son be not intended.

L. 72. "lives", the true old form of the 3d pers. plur., is arbitrarily changed by the modern editors to "live".

L. 110. B. Tschischwitz (Shakspere's Hamlet, Halle 1869) boldly substitutes for "with", "wis", which he pretends to be = iwis.

L. 132. Of course, canon (κανών) is meant.

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L. 175. All the editors adopt the reading of *D;* still I think "deepe" was put in by the printer of *D,* in order to avoid "for to". The agreement of *A** may be accidental. See note on III. 1. 167.

L. 182. "dearest" for direst. Johnson. Cmp. Forby, Vocabulary of East Anglia, p. 91.

L. 218. "it" is not a mistake for "its" (as the modern editors seem to think), but the older form. In Shakespeare's time use had not yet decided for its. See V. 1. 208.

Sc. 3. L. 21. "safety (sanctity)" is evidently an error for "sanity", to which Hanmer (Theobald) altered it. A. Dyce, the works of W. Shakespeare, 2 edit. London 1865, vol. VII, p. 216. Cmp. II. 2. 207.

L. 31. I think loose *(solvatis),* not lose *(perdatis)* is intended.

L. 36, 38 & 39 are marked with inverted commas in *ABC.*

L. 65. I confess "courage" is unintelligible to me; still, as *ABCF* agree with *A**, I cannot prevail upon myself to displace it for "comrade" of *DE,* which seems to be a mere conjectural reading.

L. 73. Probably the author had originally written:

And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous in that:

and then given between the lines or in the margin "of", "chief", meaning these as alternative readings for "in" and "best" in the first line. The transcriber by mistake inserted them in the second line. Clark and Wright, the works of W. Shakespeare, London and Cambridge 1866, vol. VIII, pref. p. VIII.

L. 109. "Wrong" is evidently a mistake, as well as "Roaming"; Pope conjectures "Wronging", Theobald "Wringing", and Collier "Running".

Sc. 4. according to Capell.

L. 33. Instead of "His" Theobald, Singer, Collier and Dyce print "Their".

L. 36 & 37. Steevens prints "base" for "eale", and "often dout" for "of a doubt"; Singer "bale", "often doubt"; Collier "ill", "often dout"; Delius "bale", "off and out"; Dyce "evil", "oft debase".

Sc. 5. according to Capell.

L. 33. The superiority of the reading of the folio is to me apparent: to be in a crescent state (i. e. to root itself) affords an idea of activity; to rot better suits with the dullness and inaction to which the ghost refers. Steevens. I have preferred the reading of the original copy, because to root itself is a natural and easy phrase, but to rot itself, not English. Malone. "rots" probably a misprint. Collier.

L. 43. Malone prints "wit", observing, The old copies have "wits". The subsequent line shows that it was a misprint. Singer and Collier adopt Malone's emendation, without even noticing the original reading.

L. 56. That "sate" is the true reading is proved by "fate" in *A**, which cannot be but a mistake for "fate".

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L. 80. It was ingeniously hinted to me by a very learned lady, that this line seems to belong to Hamlet, in whose mouth it is a proper and natural exclamation. Johnson.

L. 89. Elze (Shakespeare's Hamlet, Leipzig 1857) suspects "matine" to be a misprint for "matines".

L. 93. "O fie". These words (which hurt the measure, and from that circumstance, and their almost ludicrous turn, may be suspected as an interpolation) are found in the two earliest quartos Steevens.

L. 177. The modern editors tacitly change "and" to "an", probably supposing a correction what a true critic cannot but call a falsification. [Koch, hist. Gram. der engl. Sprache 2, 410, thinks this an (for and) = A.-Sax. *ono,* Goth. *an,* and Tschischwitz implicitly takes it for granted. See however Diction. of the O. Engl. language in voce *and.]*

L. 179. Instead of "to note" Theobald proposes to read "denote".

Act. II. Sc. 1. L. 85. Theobald, who is followed by Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson, reads "loose" for "foul'd", on the authority, as he says, of the elder quartos. It is not the reading of any of the first six, but of those of 1676, 1683, 1695 and 1703. Had Capell been aware of this, he would scarcely have designated Theobald's mistake as a downright falsehood. Theobald, at the time of writing his Shakespeare Restored, knew of no quarto earlier than that of 1637, and it is just possible that some copy of this edition, from which that of 1676 was printed, may have had the reading "loose". Clark and Wright.

Sc. 2. L. 52. In the erroneous repetition of "newes" in *D* Tschischwitz will discover the true reading, viz. "nuttes", which he does not scruple to take into his text.

L. 109—110 and 116—123 in *D,* 109—113 and 116—123 in *BC,* 109—113 and 116—119 in *A* are printed in Italics.

L. 336. Pope, Singer, Collier, and Dyce print "most like", instead of "like most".

L. 384. The reading of the quarto of 1676 "wit" (for "writ") is perhaps the right one; it has been adopted by Rowe, Theobald, Warburton etc. See S. Walker's Crit. Exam. vol. III, p. 265.

L. 467. Collier and Dyce print "Aroused".

L 529. The folio reads "warm'd", which reading Steevens contended for: he was probably moved by a spirit of opposition; for surely no one can doubt, who considers the context, that "wann'd" is the poet's word. Singer.

L. 566. According to Clark and Wright, the copy of *B** in Capell's collection reads "braines". The copy which I have collated is that of the British Museum.

Act. III. Sc. 1. indicated in the quarto edition of 1676.

L. 39. Walker (Crit. Exam. 1, 252) supposes that Shakespeare wrote "beautie".

L. 87. "awry (away)". The same printer's error occurs in the old

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copy of Antony and Cleopatra, where we find "Your crown's away", instead of "Your crown's awry". Steevens.

L. 167. The printer of *D* left out for, probably because he thought "for to" vulgar.

Sc. 2. according to Capell.

L. 31. I have no doubt that our author wrote "had made them". Malone.

L. 56. "faining" in *D* is not a misprint, as Collier thinks, but another form of "fauning", just as good, if not better. See Diction. of the O. Engl. language in voce fainen.

L. 154. A line rhyming to "love" seems to be lost here; that "Either none" was part of it, as Malone supposes, is not likely to me.

L. 169. in the margin in *A*, to mark it as spoken aside.

L. 207. Theobald changes "And" to "An"; a correction approved by all the subsequent editors.

L. 212. in the margin in *A*.

L. 242. I have admitted the reading of *ABC*, "considerate", because it seems to suit the context best; still the reading of *A*D*, "confederate", may be the true one; it is adopted by most editors.

L. 262. "Provinciall" is by several editors changed to "Provencial". Douce (Illustrations of Shakespeare p. 467) shows that the Provincial roses took their name from Provins, not from Provence.

L. 266. I agree with Malone, that not the pronoun, but the adverb, now spelt ay, is meant here.

L. 270. "pajock" is traced by Tschischwitz to Pol. *pajok* (footman). The quarto of 1676 has "paicock", that of 1695 "pecock". Pope, Malone, Singer, and Collier print "peacock", Theobald, and Elze "paddock".

Sc. 3. L. 7. "browes" in *ABC* seems to be a mistake clumsily corrected by *D* to "lunacies". Theobald thinks "lunes" to be the true reading.

L. 14. Instead of "depends and rests" the modern editors, of course, print "depend and rest". See note on I. 2. 72.

Sc. 4. according to Capell; Sc. 2. according to Rowe.

L. 4. Hanmer, Dyce, Clark and Wright will read "sconce" for "silence".

L. 13. I think with Collier and Dyce, that "idle" in *D* is repeated by the transcriber or compositor from the preceding line.

L. 49. Tschischwitz judiciously conjectures "contractation" = Ital. *contrattazione*, contract, which meaning was already supposed by Warburton. Cmp. affection = affectation, II. 2. 423.

L. 100. "kyth", evidently the true reading, is not even noticed by the editors.

L. 107. I am of Dyce's opinion, that "your" is the right reading, and that r here (as V. 1. 283) is left out in *D*. Caldecott, Collier and Knight print "What would you, gracious figure?"

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L. 132. Singer's correction "affects" is very plausible.

L. 164. "leave" seems to be the true reading, overlooked by the editors.

L. 168. Steevens proposes "Or", and Staunton "Oft", for "Of". Theobald, at the suggestion of Thirlby, alters "devill" to "evil".

L. 175. A verb seems to be left out after "either". Malone supplies "curb", Singer "quell". Collier adopts the reading of *E* "master" (a clumsy correction, if not a mistake for "either") which suits neither the metre, nor the context. Dyce combines the readings of *ABC* and *DE*, printing "And either master the devil".

Act. IV. Sc. 1. indicated in the quarto of 1676.

L. 40. There is evidently a gap, which is filled up with "for haply slander", by Theobald, "so, haply, slander", by Capell, "so viperous slander", by Malone, "by this, suspicion", by Tschischwitz. I think the last reading is the most suitable, but it might perhaps be improved by substituting "so that", for "by this".

Sc. 2. according to Pope.

L. 17. "apple" in *ABC* is a mistake, or pretended correction.

Sc. 3. L. 70. Tschischwitz proposes to read "will ne're be gun".

Sc. 4. Pope; Sc. 2. Rowe.

L. 17. In order to improve the metre, some editors add "sir", after "speake".

L. 30. The quarto of 1676 reads "b'w' ye". The modern editors print "be wi' you", without any authority.

Sc. 5. L. 17—20 are marked with inverted commas in *ABC*, not for the purpose, observes Collier, of showing that the passage was a quotation, but to enforce it as an axiom.

L. 23. In *D* the song of Ophelia is printed in Italics.

L. 39. Pope, Theobald, Warburton, Singer, Dyce, Clark and Wright print "did go", in opposition to all the old editions, and without knowing the original ballad from which the line is taken.

L. 57. The sign ? is often used in *D* to mark an exclamation.

L. 65. The modern editors, of course, print "An". See note on I. 5. 177.

L. 74. I suppose the poet first wrote "and now behold", for which he then substituted "O Gertrude, Gertrude".

L. 86. Johnson thinks "Feeds on his wonder" the true reading, which is adopted by all the subsequent editors.

L. 117. The quarto edition of 1676 reads "brows".

L. 140. Johnson, Singer, and Collier tacitly print "sweepstake", Dyce "swoopstake".

L. 149. "peare" is a misprint for "pearce", as I. 1. 118 "feare" for "fearce".

L. 150. "noise", I rather suspect, is a misprint for "uoise" (voice). The modern editors print "Danes".

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L. 165. is printed in Italics, as the song, in *D*.

Sc. 6. according to Capell.

L. 12. The letter is printed in Italics in *D*.

Sc. 7. L. 21. Elze, in the Athenaeum, 1869, I, 284, judiciously proposes to read "graves" for "graces".

L. 22. All the modern editors adopt the reading of *D*, which however is very negligently printed here.

L. 62. "checking at" is obviously the true reading, supported by the mistake "the king at" of *A*; "liking not" in *BC*, a conjectural emendation of the senseless reading of *A*.

L. 122. Singer prints "a spendthrift's sigh", and observes, The reading of the old copies, which I have restored, had been altered in the modern editions to "a spendthrift sigh", without reason. Dyce adopts "a spendthrift sigh", with the observation, This passage is only in the quartos, all which, except that of 1637, have "a spend-thrifts sigh", — quite rongly, I conceive, though Capell, Collier and Knight think otherwise.

L. 159. Collier thinks "prefer'd" to be the true reading.

L. 191. If "doubts" is = douts, it will suit the context better than "drownes". Nares (Glossary 254) produces "it douts the light" from Sylvester, and "dout a candle" is still used in Dorsetshire, Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Shropshire and Yorkshire.

Act. V. Sc. 1. in the quarto edition of 1676.

L. 60. Collier observes, The "o" and the "a" in this line are only the interjections of the Clown in his double exertion of singing and digging.

L. 179. The folio, "jeering"; but the scull did not jeer, though it grinned. Collier. Instead of "chopfalne" all the editors arbitrarily print "chap-fallen."

L. 218. The modern editors, of course, adopt the reading of *F*, "pebbles".

L. 287. There can be little doubt that "thirtie" is a misprint for "thereby"; most of the editors, however, adopt the conjectural emendation of *D*, "shortly".

Sc. 2. according to Rowe.

L. 9. Instead of "fall", Pope prints "fail", and is followed by Theobald, Warburton, and Dyce Singer and Collier adopt the reading of *A*, "pall". "Learne" (docere) is usual to Shakespeare (see Rich. II. IV, 1, Temp. I, 2, Cymb. I, 5), yet Singer, Collier, and Dyce prefer the supposed correction of *D*, "teach".

L. 29. Capell and Singer print "villanies".

L. 44. As "know" cannot be, nor has ever been, used substantively it must be a misprint in *D*; however it is adopted by Collier. For the use of "knowing" as a monosyllable, see Shakespeare's Versification etc. by S. Walker, p. 119.

L. 63. S. Walker (Shakespeare's Versification p. 281) shows that in

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Shakespeare's time "thinks't thee" occurs in the sense of μῶν δοκεῖ σοι. Singer and Collier adopt the reading of *C*.

L. 78. Instead of "count", Rowe, Theobald, and Dyce print "court".

L. 110. Dyce prints "it", instead of "yet". Singer and Collier prefer "raw" to "yaw".

L. 175. Singer and Dyce adopt the reading of *D*, of course modernized to "bevy".

L. 178. "fond" is possibly, as Warburton supposes, a misprint for "fand" (fanned). Tschischwitz amends "prophane" to "profound".

L. 206. If "ha's" in *D* is a mistake for "knowes", the passage may originally have run, as Johnson prints it, "since no man knowes ought of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?" The quarto of 1676 has "'tis" for "is't".

L. 237. "on" seems to be a mistake for "one": the foils are taken l. 247, and the summons "come on" is made l. 263.

L. 291. The editors correct "swoons" (Delius and Tschischwitz "swoonds"). See Beitræge zu einem wörterb. der engl. sprache p. 501.

L. 327. It can hardly be denied, that the reading of *ABC* is more natural than that of *D*, which however is preferred by all the editors. See note on III. 4. 164.

L. 374. "will drawe on more", scil. voices; referring to the declaration of Hamlet, "he has my dying voice". Collier.

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CORRECTIONS.

Page	4,	line	43,	read	*BC* for *C*
„	5,	„	43,	add	139 *Exit Ghost. not in ABC.*
„	11,	„	43,	read	thee for the
„	14,	„	36,	„	inbarckt *ABC.*
„	16,	„	22,	„	above
		„	38,	„	Thoſe
„	18,	„	9,	„	[Scena Quarta.]
„	19,	„	25,	„	thee for the
„	21,	„	4,	„	[Scena Quinta.]
		„	9,	„	almost
		„	38,	add	after 1 Whither *A*F.*
		„	41,	„	27 leaſt (*for* best) *A*.*
„	22,	„	39,	read	ſhouldeſt
		„	40,	„	Rankely and Ranckely
„	23,	„	46,	add	100 ſawe *B.* ſaw *CF.*
„	26,	„	29,	read	[Scena Prima.]
		„	36,	„	ſhak't
„	27,	„	44,	add	after *ABCD.* vnreclamed *AB* vnreclaim'd *D.* and read wit,
„	28,	„	38,	add	after *BD.* he (*for* him) *F.*
		„	41,	read	you *D.*
„	30,	„	6,	„	thee for the
„	41,	„	45,	„	411 en *ABC* e'en *F* euen *A*.* friendly
„	44,	„	10,	„	Prethee
„	48,	„	44,	add	after 75 he *omitted in BC.*
„	53,	„	21,	read	*Ham.* Nay,
„	61,	„	16,	„	griefes for giefes
		„	39,	„	ſtoniſh
„	69,	„	42,	„	Starts
„	72,	„	38,	„	Beſtow
„	73,	„	40,	„	ſoft
„	74,	„	42,	„	reſt
„	75,	„	42,	add	*B* after guttes
„	82,	„	44,	read	dry
„	85,	„	37,	„	wouldſt
		„	40,	add	*C* after *AB*
„	86,	„	39,	dele	*C* after publique
„	87,	„	42,	read	ſays
„	89,	„	42,	„	Reuendge
„	90,	„	3,	„	145
		„	39,	add	*A* before *B*

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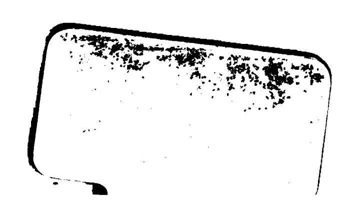
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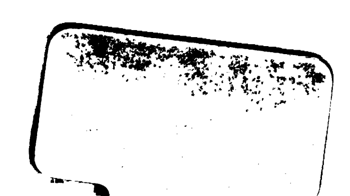




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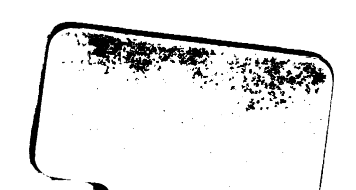




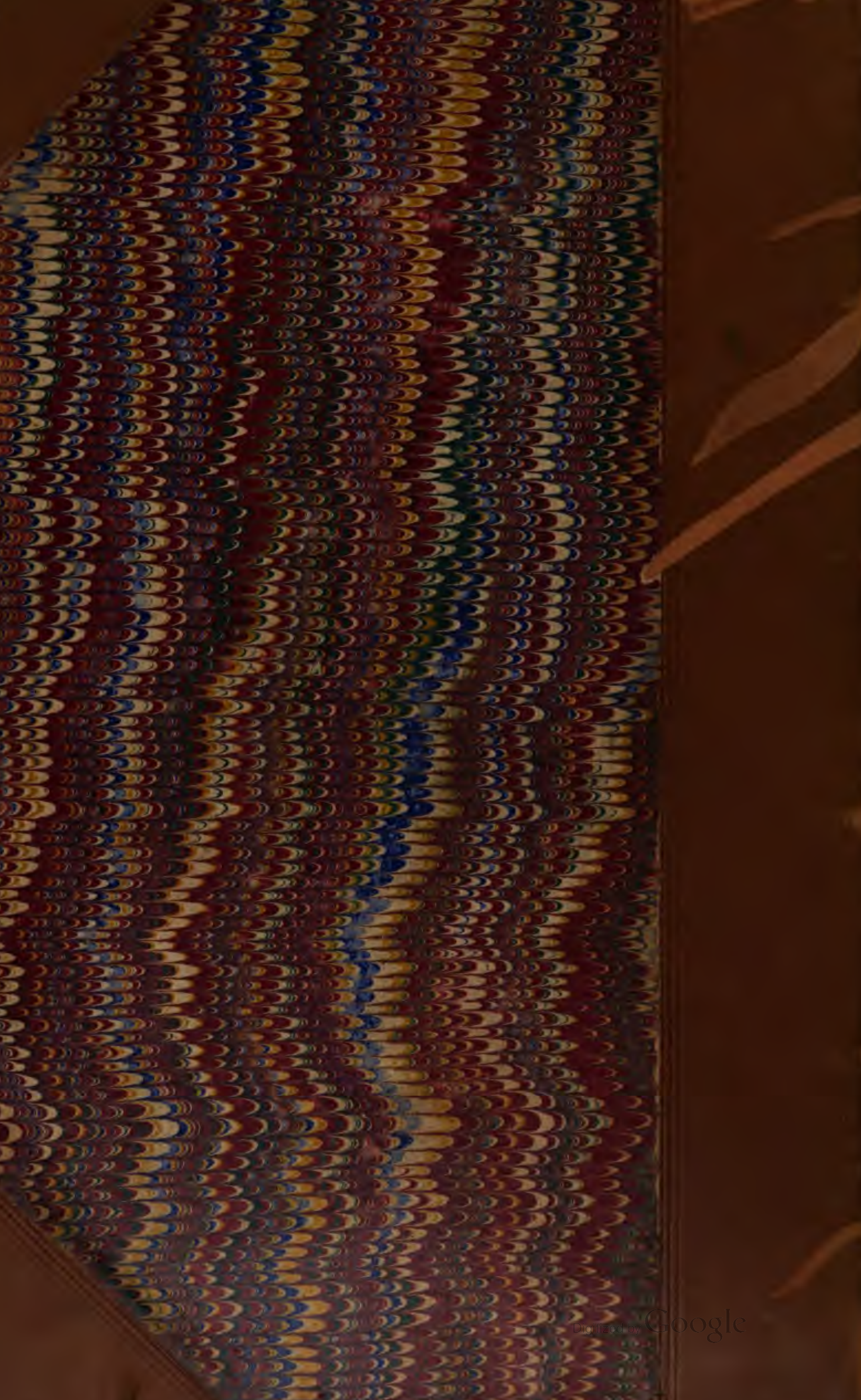
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